

[ORIGINAL.]

RETROSPECTION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Don't you remember, Fanny dear, the meadow by the stream,
Where the river sparkled brightly, and the grass was
always green!—

Where the buttercups and fire-bell in wild profusion grew,
And the emerald turf was sprinkled with diamond drops
of dew!—

And the shadows of the hemlock fell down in graceful
lines,
And celestial music sounded in the tall, majestic pines?

Don't you remember, Fanny, how at eve we used to go,
And watch the placid waters in the golden sunlight glow?
And sitting 'neath the branches of the verdant firwood
tree,

We marked the radiant sunset with undigressed glie;
And ne'er shone pebbles half so bright as on that river's
shore,
And ne'er was music half so sweet as that sweet river's
roar?

There were curious mottled lilies that bloomed beneath
the hedge,
And green and spicy peppermint, and sweetly-smelling
sage;

And wild hop on the willow-bush with blossom pure and
white,
And the mountain's steep and ferny rocks are in my heart
to-night!

O, every rock, and flower, and tree, on memory's page is
graved,

I'm to the tiny foxglove-bell that by the river waved!

Now, when the sun was getting high, and soft and warm
the breeze

Murmured with the feathered songsters that warbled in
the trees,

We wandered to the meadow, where the now-mown hay
lay bright,

Be long to wither crisp and sore in Sol's refulgent light;
And at evening, when the occident was lit with day's last
beams,

We rode home on the hay-cart, and Charlie drove the team?

Ah, forgive me, Fanny dearest, for causing you to sigh!
I would not call the tears to fill that gentle, loving eye;
I know how well you loved him—but alas, one eve he died,
While you in anguished bitterness sat weeping by his side!
You remember it, dear Fanny!—but 'tis many years ago
Since we laid him 'neath the fir-tree, close by the river's
flow.

All things we loved, dear Fanny, are passing swift away;
We are getting old and weary, and have not long to stay!
But we will not weep for that, Fanny—we do not fear to
die:

'Tis only going up to God to dwell above the sky;
And there amid the glory of those bright, transcendent
bowers,

We'll meet the cherished ones we loved in childhood's
happy hours!

Few people look on any object as it really is,
but regard it through some fantastic prism pre-
sented by their own prejudices, which invest it
with a false color.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MAD ENGINEER.

BY A. C. THOMAN.

"WHAT?"

The speaker was a young man of remarkably
fine face and figure. He had been sitting in the
parlor of the hotel in the little town of Bainsford.
As he spoke he leaped from his chair.

Two men had been conversing in the same
apartment, and the young man's exclamation
had been caused by something which he had
heard them say.

The two men stared at the youth, who pre-
tended to have spoken to the waiter. He rose
and stood by the door. The speakers went on.

"O, yes," said one, "she is to be married to-
morrow night, and it will be the most excellent
combination of wealth and beauty ever seen in
this part of the world."

"And is she willing?"

"O, she is only a young girl, and I imagine
her father isn't the man to let her inclinations
stand between her and prosperity."

"But Wiggles is such a numbskull."

"But Wiggles is wealthy, and what more
ought a young girl like Irene Maltravers to
desire?"

"And they will be married to-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow night."

"There'll be some one disappointed, then."

"Of course—such a beauty is rather sought
after—you won't find a girl like that every day."

By this time the young man had passed out.
One of the speakers touched the other.

"Do you know that young man?"

"No, indeed, not I; who is he?"

"That's young Ned Alford."

"The dickens!"

"You know he has been in love with Irene for
this ever so long. He comes up from New York
every quarter to see her. I wonder how he'll
take this?"

"Why did her father turn the girl over to Wig-
gles if she was engaged?"

"O, he wouldn't give a fig for engagements.
He's a surly, crusty old fellow, and don't under-
stand anybody's wishes but his own." As the
men spoke they went out.

Mr. Wiggles, the bridegroom, lived in a little
town connected by railroad with Bainsford, and
not more than fifty miles away. He was a little
man of fifty, rather timid, but full of importance.
Early on the appointed morning, this little timid
and important man might have been seen slowly

wending his way to the railway station. Being a remarkably punctual man, and always afraid of getting left behind, on this important occasion he reached the station about a half hour earlier than usual. As he approached, an engine driver came up.

"Bound to Bainesford, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, then you're the gentleman. There's no passenger train to-day, sir—went run till midnight, sir. The director of this road told me, sir, to be sure and get a locomotive ready for you to take you there."

"O, ah, hem! they have put a locomotive for me, have they?"

"Yes, sir, if you want to go."

"O, very well, I suppose I must go in the best way I can."

The man took Mr. Wiggles's carpet-bag, and led him to a locomotive.

"Why, isn't there a car?" said Wiggles, as the man pointed to the puffing and snorting machine.

"Please sir, no sir, there are no cars, only this locomotive."

"Humph!" exclaimed Wiggles, solemnly. "I suppose I must go."

The man put his carpet-bag in, got in himself, touched a crank, and with a puff and a snort away went the engine.

Mr. Wiggles at first felt a little flurried, but after a few moments he grew accustomed to the novelty of his situation, and amused himself by watching the admirable machinery in its motion. He was indeed not uncomfortably situated. His seat was on one side, where he could look either upon the machine in front, the scenery without, or the engineer opposite. After an exhaustive examination of the engine, he turned to view the scenery. Wiggles was always an ardent admirer of the beauties of nature. He found himself now dashing along through those beauties at such a terrific rate that they all seemed joined together in one rapidly sliding picture. The country in his immediate neighborhood was more like a stair carpet than anything else that Wiggles could think of. As he looked at the stair-carpet landscape, and noticed the telegraph posts one after the other flashing past, the strange thought occurred to his mind that he was travelling at a most fearfully rapid pace. What terrific progress—what headlong speed—it was terrible!

Wiggles shuddered, and closed his eyes. On opening them again he thought he would ask the engineer to moderate his speed. He therefore touched the engineer's arm, and prepared to speak. What was Wiggles's surprise at seeing

the engineer turn and make a hideous grimace? He laughed in a sickly manner.

"Friend," he cried, "aint we going rather fast?"

The friend rolled up his eyes till only the whites were visible. After this he turned the lids over so that a hideous red margin appeared over the whites.

"Good Lord," cried Wiggles, "the man's crazy!"

Suddenly the man commenced dancing violently. Then he sprang on the back of the engine, and standing on his head he put his heels against the funnel and stared at Wiggles. After this he came back.

Wiggles trembled—a profuse perspiration broke out over him—the engineer was surely mad. And the engine rushed forward more madly than ever. They dashed through the streets of towns, under bridges, over houses. Men stared at them, and waved signals. Before them appeared trains coming toward them, which they would flash by with a hideous noise. The engineer had been dancing violently for half an hour. At last he turned to Wiggles.

"We'll soon be there," he said

"Where?" gasped Wiggles.

"In New York."

"New York!"

"They've got an air line from there to Baunbury. It goes through the air. We go thump against the depot, and we vanish. Last time I went to Baunbury I went straight on the regular track; this time I'm going to try the air line. Hey?"

He poked Wiggles on the ribs. Wiggles was so paralyzed by fear that he could not utter a word. On rushed the engine, faster and faster. The mad engineer again commenced dancing violently.

"You see," he again cried, after a pause, "I've got friends up there, and that's why I choose the air line."

Wiggles stared and gasped for breath.

"Perhaps, though, we had better not wait till we get into the depot. Perhaps we had better run into the next train."

Wiggles's teeth chattered.

"Or perhaps," roared the engineer, in a voice of thunder, "we had better go over the first bridge."

Wiggles sank back.

"Or go off the track now. So—" Suiting the action to the word, the man gave a tremendous pull at the crank.

Wiggles did not wait for the catastrophe. He fainted.

That night the house of Squire Maltravers was crowded with guests. Invited to the wedding they had come, expecting to enjoy the most brilliant marriage festival ever seen in this part of the world. All the beauty, wealth and fashion, not only of Bainsford, but of all the country round about had assembled there.

But the squire wore no smile on his face. He was ill at ease, and his brow was ever clouded with the gloomiest of frowns. He scarce could muster sufficient courtesy to welcome his guests.

Well he might be gloomy. The bridegroom was expected at noon. He had not only not come at noon, but at dusk he still was absent. There were two trains between Bainsford and the home of Wiggles. Unable to contain himself, the squire rode out to the station. To his horror no Wiggles came.

He searched every car. He stared into the face of every man. He could not find Wiggles. He came back with one faint hope. Perhaps Wiggles had arrived, and was already in the house. In vain. On his arrival there, the first person whom he met asked him where was Wiggles. Wiggles was not found.

The squire strode back into the house, and shut himself up in his library. By-and-by a faint suspicion of the true state of the case communicated itself to some of the more intimate friends of the family. They went to see the squire.

"How unfortunate," said they all.

"The scoundrel!" cried the squire, enraged at the disappointment.

"It's my opinion that he has intended this all along," said the bride, who, by the way, supported herself with wonderful fortitude. "He thinks I am not rich enough. He never did care for anything but his precious money."

This remark stung the squire to the quick.

"By Jove I'll have revenge on the rascal. I'll teach him how to make a fool of me. I'll—"

But the squire was interrupted by the entrance of a young man, who walked straight up to him and bowed respectfully.

"Alford?" exclaimed the squire, doubtfully.

"Mr. Maltravers," said he, "you never felt any particular affection for me, but perhaps you wont object to act reasonably now. Here you are, put in a very awkward place through that villain Wiggles. Now I loved your daughter long ago, and we have been engaged. You had no right to overlook me and give her to a fellow who doesn't care a pin for anybody but himself. The company are wondering below—the bride is waiting—the wedding must go on. Let me be the bridegroom."

The squire did not get angry. He did not even pause to consider. He seized Alford's hand, slapped his back, and to the astonishment of all present, cried out:

"Alford, my lad, take her. Blow me if I aint glad that cursed uncompoop didn't come. You are worth ten such fellows as he. Come along. Irene, dear, you wont object, I know. Come along, Alford, give her your arm, you dog you. Come."

And the bluff old squire, heading the procession, advanced into the midst of the astounded company. A few words explained all. To the honor of human nature, the whole house rang with applause. The ceremony was short but decisive, and the enthusiastic company could hardly wait for it to be over. As the last amen was said, every soul crowded up to congratulate the happy pair.

It leaked out in the course of a month, long after Alford and his bride had settled in New York, that the mad engineer was an old friend, who decoyed Wiggles into a car, that he merely carried him off to the other end of the line, where the locomotive was wanted, and that his mad gestures were all dissembled.

As to Wiggles, when he recovered, he found himself in a train of cars bound back to his home. It was evening. All hope of reaching Bainsford that night was vain, so he went home. On the next morning he learned from a friend the result of the wedding. He did not go personally to learn the particulars.

As for the squire, he is proud of Alford, and is never tired of rejoicing over the little occurrence of his daughter's wedding day.

INDIAN ANECDOTE.

A young Indian failed in his attentions to a young squaw. She made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing, or trial. The lady laid the case before the judge, and explained the nature of the promise made to her. It consisted of sundry visits to her wigwam, "many little undefinable attentions," and presents, a bunch of feathers, and several yards of red flannel. This was the charge. The faithless swain denied the "undefinable attentions," *in toto*. He had visited her father's wigwam, for the purpose of passing away time, when it was not convenient to hunt; and had given the feathers and flannel from friendly motives, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defence the squaw fainted. The plea was considered invalid, and the offender sentenced to give the lady "a yellow feather, a brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen coon skins." The sentence was no sooner concluded, than the squaw sprang upon her feet, and clapping her hands, exclaimed with joy, "Now me ready to be courted again!"

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[ORIGINAL.]

LOVE'S VENTURE.

BY WILLIE E. FAVOR.

A venture sent by Love's own hand,
To reach the port that lies afar,
Beneath the Future's rising star—
The haven of the Happy Land.

And never down the Nile's swift tide,
Did barge of Egypt's glorious queen
Bear richer freight than this, I ween,
With its two hearts all glorified.

O, softly swell the odorous gales
That waft the venturous shallop on:
And ere the haven shall be won,
Hope's breath shall fill the silken sails.

Speed, shallop, speed! nor fear the shore
Of dark deceit, nor heed the sands
Where Error, with her slimy hand,
Would tempt therefrom the shining goal.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MUSICIAN'S LEGACY.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

CARL FRANZHOFF was a singular man—one whom you respected, almost loved, yet felt to be singular. I felt this as I sat at the window of my room gazing into the busy street. Human beings and vehicles passing—constantly passing to and fro, yet none out of that busy crowd to give a friendly nod to me, who sat there so sad and lonely, with the weight of a great loss resting heavily upon me. I, Maria Louisa, owning no more romantic name than that of Smith, sat at my window sad, lonely and weary-hearted, because my music-teacher was dead. I am thirty-three, past the age, I am aware, when people are supposed to be capable of falling in love; yet for all that, I did so—not in the over head and ears style, but calmly, quietly, and almost imperceptibly, though just as deeply, I think, as though I had been fifteen years younger. My life had always been full of care. My mother was a cripple, her right leg being withered—and my father, a kind, generous man, but lacking in energy. I was the only child of Peter and Sarah Smith, strong, healthy, and gifted with what many people call “go-aheadativeness,” and looking back through the lapse of years, though I remember many little duties neglected, or unwillingly performed, I think I was a dutiful daughter and made my parents happy. Five years ago, my good, patient mother died. I could not mourn, for she suffered the last few years of her life very acutely, but the shock

completely unsettled my father's mind, and he sank into hopeless imbecility. Then began a hard struggle. I had to give up my situation as school-teacher, because I could not leave my father—and the little I could gain by embroidery and plain sewing was but barely sufficient to buy fire and food. Father owned the house he lived in, and it was a great blessing to have no rent to pay. Had I been obliged to do that, I fear actual poverty would have stared us in the face.

Finally, I thought I would let two or three rooms. Accordingly, I painted in large letters on a card, “Three Rooms to Let,” and hung it in the window of the little parlor. Three weeks of fruitless, hopeless waiting passed, and I was on the point of pulling down my useless card, when a little incident occurred which helped me along. During those three weeks I was not without applicants, but the rooms never suited—they were too large or too small, had too little sun, or too much, were too near the street, or too low, or something or other always to object to in them, till my head fairly ached when I heard the bell ring, with the anticipations of the endless, useless questions which would be asked.

One day I sat at my window, looking out into the street, feeling discouraged, for I had just finished parleying with a lady, who had all but engaged the two lower rooms the day before. This day she came to tell me she couldn't take them, had thought of some objection, and so I was again without hope of a lodger. As I looked out, I noticed a middle-aged man pause on the opposite side of the street, glance towards our house, then cross, and soon heard him ring the bell. I smoothed the folds of my black dress, settled my collar and my patience, and prepared to answer the summons. I opened the door and saw standing before me, a pleasant-faced, middle-aged man, who bowed, and said with a slight accent:

“May I be permitted to look at the rooms which are to let?”

“Certainly,” I answered, and led the way up stairs, where were four rooms.

The front room—a large one, with two windows and a little bedroom leading out of it. These were to let—the other two were occupied by my father and myself.

“These, sir, are two of the rooms, and the third is in the next story. Would you like to look at it?”

“Thank you, no, two rooms are all I wish. These suit me exactly and I will take them.”

I quietly named my price. The gentleman smiled as he said:

“It would have been as well to have inquired

the price before concluding to take the rooms. But that is nothing, and I will take possession of the rooms to-morrow. Stay," he added, as he turned back from the door, "you may object to me. I am a music-teacher and will bring a piano, and perhaps the playing on it may annoy you. I play a great deal myself and have pupils sometimes come to the house and take lessons; but that is only when my health obliges me to keep indoors. In such cases, too, I shall be obliged to trouble you for my meals."

"I do not object to the piano at all, nor to giving you your meals every day, should you wish to become a boarder as well as lodger."

"Ah, that is capital, Miss Smith. Yes, I will board, too. To-morrow I will come. Good morning."

At last my rooms were let, and to an advantage. I pulled the odious black-lettered card from the window, and busied myself with making the room look more cheerful than ever. I laid the wood in the grate ready to be lighted the next day, dusted the furniture, then went down to my father, and in sewing and trying to amuse him—poor old man—the remainder of the day passed. The next day I rose with a restless sort of feeling, a doubt as to whether my boarder would come, but by nine o'clock he appeared, and an hour afterwards came his few goods and chattels—a handsome octave piano, music-books, writing-desk and deep arm-chair. Carl Franzhoff, for I had read his name on the cards he gave me, seemed restless and excited. At one o'clock he dressed himself with scrupulous neatness and went out. An hour passed, and looking from the window, I saw a carriage stop before the door, and my boarder stepped out. He looked pale and seemed to falter in his walk. I opened the door for him, and with a low bow, he passed up stairs. That night he was taken ill, and for weeks never left his bed. Some intense excitement had brought on brain fever, said Dr. Mitchell, who attended him. At last he recovered and resumed his teaching. He went about quietly, like one who had passed through a severe trial. I grew to be very much interested in him.

I was, and am a great lover of music, but my parents being rather poor, I had been unable to cultivate my talent for it. One day, when Carl Franzhoff had been an inmate of our house some four months, he insisted upon becoming my teacher. He had found out that I had a decided talent for it, and in spite of my repeated refusals he gave me lessons. It was a happy day for me. Kind, generous man! Refusing all remuneration, he week after week and month after month, gave me instruction, and now I am a good musician,

and have thirty pupils at fifteen dollars per quarter for each.

Sad and tearless I sit at the window, with a great weight on my heart, for in the room above me, cold and stiff, lies the body of my benefactor and friend. Five years Carl Franzhoff boarded with me, and now he is dead. For a year he had visibly failed. Each day he grew paler, and then he gave up his pupils, and at last scarcely went out at all. One week only he kept his room, and three days of that time his bed. All through the five years he was like a brother to me, and now he was gone. I was with him when he breathed his last. He had lain some time with his eyes closed, while I sat beside him gently fanning him. At last he opened his eyes and looking at me kindly, said:

"Maria (he had called me so for years), I am dying, and I am glad, for this life has been weary. Bless you for your sisterly kindness. When I am gone you will find in my desk, which I bequeath to you, two papers addressed to yourself, and one which you will please see safely delivered according to superscription. Do not wholly forget your friend. God bless you, Maria!"

The eyes closed, there was a deep sigh, and Carl Franzhoff lay dead. I felt as if I could cry out in my grief, but I did not. I stooped and kissed the pale, cold lips, folded the hands upon the pulseless breast, drew the sheet over the calm, white face, and went quietly down stairs to my father, who I felt would soon pass away from me.

All is over now—been over many days, and again I go about my daily duties. The funeral was very quiet—only a few pupils, myself and a lady, a Mrs. Bergen, who came frequently during Mr. Franzhoff's lifetime, and who wept as if her heart would break. We made him a grave at the foot of my dear mother's, in a pleasant nook in Greenwood. To-day, I, with tearful eyes, opened the desk once Carl Franzhoff's, now mine. I found only a few papers, some music-paper, manuscript music, and three sealed packages, two addressed to me, and the third to Mrs. Nina Bergen, No. 930, Douglas Street, Brooklyn. To-morrow I will deliver it.

The first of the papers addressed to me, contained a legacy of three thousand dollars. The second was a record of his life which I shall give here. Three thousand dollars deposited in the City Bank. That I shall leave untouched. With it I might buy a wee cottage far away from the din of this huge city, but my dear, imbecile father likes to sit at the window watching the ever-changing crowd—likes once in a while to

take my arm and walk into Broadway. He shall always stay here. I, too, like the old house in Grand Street—here have loved ones died. Over the apothecary's shop on the opposite side of the street, lives a widow with her little eleven years' old daughter. They are poor now, but were not always so. The little sad-eyed Elsie Stuart is my pupil, and a persevering, talented one, too. She used to come and practise on my piano, till one Christmas day, when there came to her door an inexpensive but rich-toned instrument, which the cart-man said was for Miss Elsie Stuart. Like a wild thing the little girl burst into my room.

"O, Miss Smith, I've got a piano! Where could it have come from?"

"Santa Claus, of course, Elsie."

"Yes, of course. I thought Santa Claus was a man, but mother said he had dark hair and eyes, and looked like a pretty woman—does he?"

"Santa Claus, Elsie, looks like everybody," said Carl Franzhoff, looking up from the music he was copying.

"It's a splendid Santa Claus, any way, and I must go and make my great Christmas-box sing for dear mama. Good-by."

The little thing flew, rather than ran, back to her mother. As I watched her ascend the steps leading to the house, two steps at once, I felt a hand laid on my shoulder, and a voice said:

"Another being made happy, Maria Smith—another heart blesses you."

Carl Franzhoff left the room hurriedly. My heart beat at his praise. Elsie Stuart is my darling, and for her sake I will leave Carl's legacy untouched. I can lay by enough to last me through my old age, by my own exertions. In my lap, blotted with tears, lays a paper very dear to me—the record of his life, the contents of which I will give.

Five years, Maria Smith, I have lived under the same roof with you, and my heart blesses you daily. Now, as I feel my end approaching, I must write this short account of my life. I would have told you all this, but I had not the strength.

Ten years ago I came to this country to seek my fortune. I was alone in the world, but not penniless. From friends in Rhineland, I brought letters of introduction to many influential persons here, and owing to their kindness, I was soon able to make a comfortable living by teaching music and playing at parties. My life flowed on quietly enough, until one evening. One evening, or, rather, morning—for it was nearly three o'clock, and a dark, snowy morning—as I was

returning from Brooklyn, where I had been playing, I met my fate. I stepped upon the ferry-boat and entered the cabin. Once there, I settled myself in the corner to sleep, for I knew the boat would be long in reaching the ship. Just as I closed my eyes, I saw a figure crouching in the further corner of the cabin. I closed my eyes. I had but just lost myself, when I was aroused by feeling a hand stealthily thrust into my pocket. Though fully awake by this time, I feigned sleep. Suddenly the hand was withdrawn, and a low, sobbing voice said—"No, no, death rather than that!" Then there was a noiseless flitting through the cabin of the dark figure, a rush of snow and wind, and I followed the black figure out of the cabin just in time to seize it as it made a spring forward over the side of the boat out into the dark waters. Without a word I held the shrinking figure, and carried rather than led it back to the cabin. I knew not whether it was a boy or a girl. In the cabin, beneath the bright lamp, the figure writhed from my arms and turned, while the hood and shawl, or rag rather, fell from the head, disclosing a face I shall never forget. Beautiful, but pale and haggard—the great brown eyes looked forth from the sunken face like those of some hunted creature, fierce and glittering—the cheeks were hollow, and the thin lips were pale and drawn away from the white teeth. The face expressed so much misery and despair, that I involuntarily closed my eyes. The hard, desperate voice roused me.

"You shudder to look at me. You expected to see the thief whom you watched and saved, only to gloat over as she went to the Tombs, have a different sort of look. Is not the face pale enough?"

"O hush!" I exclaimed, "you know not what you say. You are no thief."

"I knew it—I did mean to rob you, but I could not. Why did you hold me back, when a few seconds only and I should have found rest?"

"The rest of two seconds—while your soul was leaving your body—the misery of eternity."

"True. In my wild despair I forgot that. I thank you. Better die by inches, than go to my Maker's presence with a guilty soul. I thank you, sir. To-morrow I will begin again my life of misery—to-morrow I will beg as I have to-day, and receive enough to buy my scanty meals—not enough for that—no, for I have a good appetite."

"You will not do that. To-morrow you shall have a warm home, and never know such misery again, if I can help it."

"Why do you say that, sir?"

"For my mother's sake, child."

"Heaven bless you, sir, I will not doubt you."

I took her to the house of a friend that night, a kind, motherly woman, who received her kindly. For days I was so busy I could not look after my wife. I knew there was no need for she would be carefully taken care of. When I did see her, I could scarcely recognize her, so great was the change. The face, though still pale and thin, had lost the haggard look and the eyes the fierce desperate glitter. From the moment I saw her I loved Nina Berstock. Weeks and months rolled on, and I saw but little of Nina Berstock. The lady who had first taken charge of her, Mrs. Bergen, adopted her. I loved her, and fondly deemed that my love was returned.

One evening I went to see Nina Berstock, determined to ask her to be my wife. The door was on the latch, and so I walked in without ringing—walked into the little parlor and sat down, expecting some of the family to come in soon. While waiting I heard voices in the next room. I was about to make some noise to warn them of my proximity, when some words I heard arrested my movements. It was Nina who spoke.

"Charles, I do love you, but think what I owe Mr. Franzhoff. I think he loves me, and if he does, I will give him my hand, and he shall never know that I do not give my heart also. Noble, generous man!"

Charles Bergen's low, deep voice met my ears.

"Dear Nina, I do not doubt you. You are right. I would not take you from him for the world. But, Nina, I cannot bear suspense. Let it be soon decided and I will go away, for though I think you are right, I could not stay here and see you another's."

I rose noiselessly and retraced my steps to the door—out into the lighted streets. My brain seemed on fire—my knees trembled under me, and I shook as if in a chill. This then was the end of my dreams! this the end of all my labors! I had worked early and late, that I might insure Nina, when she became my wife, against privation and care. For an hour I walked striving to calm my despair. For one week I kept my room, wrestling with myself, with my despairing heart. At the end of that time I emerged, a saddened, weary-hearted man. I went to see Nina. How the blood rushed from my heart, as she came smiling towards me.

"Why have you stayed away so long, Carl?"

"I have been busy," I answered, and the pain in my heart was intense.

"Too busy for your own good, I am afraid, for you look pale. Please don't work so hard."

"Never mind me, Nina. Sit down, I have something very important to say to you."

I saw her turn pale, saw her fingers tremble as I said this—but I saw, too, the look of firm determination on her face, and I blessed her. After a little pause I went on:

"Nina, would you do something very difficult, for my sake?"

"Anything, Carl."

"Would you marry—" I paused and saw the firm line still there. "Would you marry Charles Bergen, if I said it would please me?"

"Would it please you, Carl?"

"O, why did she ask that question?"

"Yes, Nina, for Charles loves you, and is a fine, generous man, worthy any woman's love."

I saw her eyes grow dark and soft as I praised her lover. In a moment more her arms were thrown round my neck, and I felt kisses, her kisses on my face.

"God bless you now and evermore, Carl, for the good you have done me. Would I could repay you for all the blessings you have showered upon me. I cannot—I cannot. Nightly I pray for you. Those prayers ascend to his throne and are heard. It is all Nina can do for her benefactor. I—"

"Hands off, Nina; child, you're smothering me."

She sunk back abashed. I rose up and telling her that I must go to a pupil, I kissed her and went out of the house.

Maria Smith, the day I came to board at your house, the day before I was taken sick was Nina's wedding-day. An orphan, she pleaded with me to give her away. "One last favor, dear friend," she said, in her very winning way, little knowing how hard it was for me to bear it all. I have little more to add. I bore up through it all bravely. I smiled through it all—Nina never looked more beautiful than at the moment when I lost her forever. I did my duty faithfully, and came back to your quiet home, Maria. You know the rest of my life. But you cannot know how much comfort you were to me—how your calm, gentle presence soothed me. A last favor I ask. When you have read this, Maria, take the package addressed to Nina to her—let no other hands touch it—God bless you, Maria Smith.

So ended the short tale of a weary heart; I sat with tears in my eyes thinking of the noble dead. I felt better for having loved such a good, great man. Had he not showered blessings wherever he went? But for him, I should have been stitching away on "band and gusset and seam," only eking out a scanty living—now I have plenty and to spare. To-morrow, after calming my heart and mind, I will carry to Nina Bergen the

MUSICIAN'S LEGACY.

[ORIGINAL.]

SUSIE SNOW.

BY MRS. FANNY E. BARBOUR.

I dreamed of a maiden wondrous fair—
 'Twas a heart-dream, long ago—
 With a gentle mien and golden hair,
 And her name was Susie Snow:
 This being sweet, with the saintlike air,
 Whom I dreamed of long ago.

I dreamed she came from the upper land,
 This maiden so fair to see;
 She strayed from the angels' wondering band,
 To live on the earth with me:
 This dweller upon the golden strand,
 In her stainless purity.

I am waking now—I dream no more,
 So blest is the real to me;
 For the same sweet face my vision wore
 Now dwells on the earth with me:
 She came, I know, from the saintly shore,
 So loving and pure is she.

But a brave, true woman's soul she bears,
 And she'll ne'er forsake, I know,
 Through all of life's changeful scenes and cares,
 The heart that is loving her so;
 How bright for me is the smile she wears,
 My darling, my Susie Snow!

The daintiest poem in all the world
 Is my Susie Snow to me,
 As over life's sea, with sails unfurled,
 We glide to eternity;
 And I know that beyond the gates empearled
 We shall love immortally.

[ORIGINAL.]

DARK DEEDS:

— OR, —

THE ILL-FATED BRIG.

BY LIEUT. A. J. CARNES.

CHAPTER I.

THE PIRATE.

"BRIG ahoy!"

"Ay, ay!"

"What brig's that?"

"Maria."

"Who's the captain?"

"Captain Harrison."

"Where from?"

"Saint Helena."

"Where to?"

"Coast of Africa."

"What's your cargo?"

"We're in ballast."

The "Maria" was a small brig, employed by

the East India Company to convey provisions from the Cape of Good Hope for the garrison at St. Helena. She had been employed many years upon the station, and was on her way home to undergo a thorough repair, but at the desire of the commodore upon the west coast of Africa, the Governor of St. Helena had ordered her to run in to Sierra Leone, with the commodore's despatches to the squadron.

The master of the Maria had remonstrated against the order, and had expressed his conviction to his friends that he should be murdered by pirates; but his repugnance to the service was overruled, and having been supplied with firearms for his crew, and with ammunition for four brass six-pounders, he unwillingly sailed to what he foretold would be his death.

As the schooner ran alongside the Maria, Captain Harrison said to Dr. Waugh, a passenger:

"That is the schooner I dreamed of, and that is the man I saw cut my throat; it is useless to strive against destiny."

"But," said Mr. Prinsep, the mate, "you will fight—you will not let the dogs cut our throats, without making an attempt to escape. The guns are loaded to the muzzle, the men have all their muskets ready, the schooner is to leeward—let us give her one round, run right in to her, and take our chance! If we must die, let us die like men. Let us try to escape."

Captain Harrison was an old man, and his long gray hair waved in the wind, as he shook his head.

"Escape? We may exasperate them; it is impossible to escape—and I will not fight. Perhaps if we treat them civilly, they will not ill use us."

"Send a boat there, I say! and be smart about it, or I'll fire into you!" And as the pirate spoke, a British ensign ran up to the peak.

The pirate, with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, stood at the gangway of the schooner, whose raking masts, long spars, low black hull, sharp bows, and clean run, contrasted strongly with the clumsy brig that was laboring to windward.

The passenger in the Maria interposed.

"It may be a British man-of-war schooner. Ask her what she is."

Captain Harrison gave the speaking-trumpet to his mate, who hailed:

"What schooner is that?"

"What's that to you? It's her Britannic majesty's schooner Polypus. Send a boat!"

The peremptory order was obeyed, and a boat with the mate and four men left the Maria and pulled for the schooner. The boat's crew were

ordered on board the schooner, and were taken below and secured; whilst a boat, with ten men armed with cutlasses and pistols, pulled from the schooner to the Maria. In the short interval, Captain Harrison called to his side a boy who was a passenger in the Maria.

Gilbert Grosvenor, a boy of about eleven years old, was the son of Sir Gilbert Grosvenor, an English baronet, and a relation of the Governor of St. Helena, to whom the boy had been on a visit, and who had sent him back to England under the care of Captain Harrison.

"Gilbert, my boy," said Captain Harrison, "this schooner is a pirate, and I am not strong enough to resist her. All these things are fated, and I know that I must die; let me try to save you. Come here, Gilbert! get into this recess behind the cuddy door, and remain quiet, whatever may happen. Pray to God, my boy! He can protect and save you, although I cannot."

The captain placed the boy in a corner which the door of the cuddy when it was open concealed, kissed him nervously, hooked the door open, and went on deck to meet the pirate.

With rough words, and rougher oaths, the pirates secured and bound five men who had remained on board the Maria; they then tied Captain Harrison and his passenger, Dr. Waugh, back to back, and laid them on the deck; and then removed every portable article of value from the Maria.

They then murdered the crew; entreaties for mercy were unavailing, and threats of punishment were disregarded. The crew of the Maria were made to walk blindfold along a plank, which was laid on the gangway, and which projected over the brig's side. The plank toppled over with their weight, and thus, one after another, the five men belonging to the Maria dropped, with a plunging splash, into the green sea, and were left astern by the brig's slow motion.

Captain Harrison uttered no word of complaint; and his silence, and the entreaties of Dr. Waugh, were equally disregarded. The captain and his passenger were lifted from the deck and thrown together, tied as they were, back to back, into the sea. Strong were their struggles, for both were able swimmers; and the shouts of the pirates, who laughed in fiendish enjoyment of their agony, made Gilbert Grosvenor tremble in his hiding-place.

The features of the pirate captain, and of his brutal mate, were indelibly impressed upon the boy's memory; and the tone of their voices sank deep into his heart, as he peered through the crevice caused by the hinges between the door and the bulkhead.

Gilbert saw the mate of the Maria, and the other four men, brought back from the schooner; they were handcuffed to a chain cable hanging over the bows. The cable was unshackled, the anchor was let go; and as the chain roared and rattled through the hawseholes, the five men were carried with it into the unfathomed sea.

Then the pirates scuttled the Maria, and left her sinking; and as long as they were in sight, they fired at her with their long gun. Spars fell, planks were torn, bulwarks crushed, and bulkheads shivered; but the boy Gilbert Grosvenor did not move from his hiding-place. Night covered the brig, and Gilbert watched the stars; morning broke, and Gilbert had not slumbered. The Maria was still afloat, and all was silent.

He listened, and he heard a still step upon the companion ladder. He looked anxiously, fearfully, and to his joy beheld the well-known face of the carpenter, creeping cautiously from the hold where he had concealed himself.

Gilbert and the carpenter knelt together upon the deck, and thanked God for their escape. But there was much to be done, and there were but few hands to do it. However, the carpenter was an experienced and skilful sailor; he stopped the leaks, got sail on the brig, and in three days fell in with one of the English cruisers.

Some said that the pirate was a Brazilian slaver, well known as the fastest vessel on the station; and others that it was the Spanish pirate Boneta da Sota, who had been hanged at Gibraltar, buried in the sands, taken up by his friends, and resuscitated.

And Gilbert Grosvenor returned to England.

CHAPTER II.

RECOGNITION.

FIFTEEN years passed, and Sir Gilbert Grosvenor died, leaving his son his debts. Everything was sold—horses, carriages and furniture; and the old hall, that Gilbert loved so much, was purchased by the rich Captain Hawkelaw. Gilbert, now a poor man, consulted Mr. Bran, his father's lawyer, who had acted as agent for the sale of the estate to Captain Hawkelaw; and Mr. Bran obtained from Captain Hawkelaw, for him, the agency of the captain's immense estates in New Brunswick.

Gilbert landed at St. John in the latter end of April, and travelled by sleigh to Frederickton, where he was to be stationed to superintend the lumbering operation in which Captain Hawkelaw was largely engaged. The sharp click of the woodman's axe, as it whistled over the lumberman's shoulder, and hissed into the white stem

of the spruce; the crash of falling trees, tearing away great branches, as they fell with a sullen moan; the heavy logs rolling and rumbling along the lumber road, or down the narrow foot-way on the hillside, to the river; bullock sleighs, horse sledges, bells and buffalo robes, were all new to Gilbert, and relieved the dreary expanse of snow and black pine with life and motion.

Gilbert arrived at Frederickton just as the ice in the river was expected to break up, and the lumbermen were making preparations for stream driving. Already the ice had moved, and the water was rising, and had cut off communication with the shore by a channel a few yards wide.

The residence of Captain Hawkelaw was upon the bank of the river, on a point of land that projected into the stream, and afforded a magnificent view of the River St. John, both up towards Woodstock, and down towards St. John, for many miles. Captain Hawkelaw himself was at Woodstock, about sixty miles from Frederickton; but his daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, was at the drawing-room window, looking at the river, and watching the great fields of ice crash and grind against each other. The ice stopped; and it was said that the ice was jammed at Spring Hill, about four miles above Frederickton. There was some talk of danger; and Gilbert, to whom the scene had all the excitement of novelty, as well as the delight that is experienced in watching nature, as she bursts her icy chrysalis and breaks into the butterfly life of summer, looked anxiously at the exposed situation of his new patron's residence. The oldest inhabitants assured him that there was no danger; but one more timid than the rest suggested that a horseman should be sent to Spring Hill, to report upon the state of the river at that point. The horseman was sent; and Gilbert, with a strange and indefinite feeling of delight and dread, watched the ice rise in hills and high blocks, as the loose heaps floated down against the motionless and immovable field, until the great surface again lost its hold upon the shore, and crashing and splitting, cracking, groaning and foaming, sailed slowly down the river.

The horseman was seen returning at a gallop; and pale with fright, and stammering with terror, he said that the jam at Spring Hill had given way, and was rolling down the river like a mountain.

Tumbling over and splashing, like a great whale under the attack of the sword-fish and the thrasher, and twisting and turning, like the fabled sea serpent, the ice-float rapidly approached the projecting point on which the house of Captain Hawkelaw was built. The

people on the bank round Gilbert, shouted; and the domestics rushed from the fated building. On came the torrent, and Emma Hawkelaw ran from the front of the house to one of the back windows. Already the water had risen over the point, and the ice hills, crashing and grinding together, rolled, with a roar like the reverberation of a thunder storm, upon Captain Hawkelaw's house. The ice did not crush the house; it did not drive it from its foundation. The ice cut the house in two. The strong, upright building snapped as a man would snap a walking-stick, and the upper story floated away from the basement, which was instantly flooded.

Among trees and logs and haystacks, and heaps of ice, and barns and sheds and fences that had been washed off the island higher up the river, Emma Hawkelaw, leaning from a window, and imploring help, was carried down the stream. One loud cry of terror from the crowd awoke Gilbert Grosvenor from an excited trance. With a bound, he jumped into a flat-bottomed boat that was adrift near him, and with the long lumber hook that was in it, he pushed into the stream among the rolling, groaning floats of ice. Emma Hawkelaw leans from the window; she is in Gilbert's arms, in the boat, and safe ashore, half a mile from the ruins of her father's house, whilst chairs and furniture float away, or sink into the river.

And in this way, Gilbert and Emma began their love; and every day, for three weeks, they were together. They rode together in the woods, they walked together upon the river's bank; they boated together on the calm surface of the smooth St. John; they sang together; they played chess together; they fell in love, and they knew it.

At the end of three weeks, Captain Hawkelaw was to return from Woodstock; and Emma undertook to introduce her lover to her father, who never had refused, and she was sure never would, refuse her anything.

Captain Hawkelaw returned.

"This is Gilbert Grosvenor, papa; and this, Mr. Grosvenor, is my father."

"Your father!" exclaimed Gilbert. "O, God! it is the pirate captain that plundered the Maria." And Gilbert Grosvenor rushed out of the room.

CHAPTER III.

CONSCIENCE.

"OSCAR BRYAN! Oscar Bryan!"

Bull-necked, bandy-legged Oscar Bryan came to the door of his solitary log-hut, in the forest that overhung the city of Frederickton, and he

looked cautiously, anxiously and nervously round him. A clear moonlight shone among the blackened trunks of trees, which lay in all directions, piled one on another, about the lonely dwelling; but there was not any person in sight.

"Who calls Oscar Bryan?"

Receiving no answer, Oscar Bryan, the pirate's mate, shut the door, and again sat down by his fire, smoking his pipe and drinking "white eye."

"Oscar Bryan! Oscar Bryan!"

Again he opened the door, and halloed—"Who calls?"

He received no answer. He swore an oath, and resumed his seat.

"Oscar Bryan! Oscar Bryan! remember the Maria! The sea gives up its dead! Blood calls for blood! Oscar Bryan! Oscar Bryan! your time has come!"

Large drops of perspiration fell from the square forehead of the bull-necked man, who laid down his pipe, and took a double-barrelled pistol from a bracket above the wide fireplace.

He examined the priming of both barrels, rubbed his nail across the flints, dropped the ramrod and tried the charge, and satisfied that the pistol was properly loaded, again sat beside the open hearth, and turned his face to the window, through which the moon was shining brightly.

"Oscar Bryan! Oscar Bryan! smuggler! slaver! pirate! murderer! remember me!"

"Blast you!" exclaimed the pirate; "take that, and remember me!"

The two barrels of the pistol were discharged, in rapid succession; the glass of the window shivered; and the hut was filled with smoke. Oscar Bryan breathed hard; his eye was fixed upon the broken window, and as the smoke cleared away, the face of the old man, Captain Harrison of the Maria, was still visible, and again a voice was heard:

"Oscar Bryan, come!"

The shadow passed from the window, and the moonlight shone clearly upon the floor, as Oscar Bryan wiped the big drops of perspiration from his forehead, and muttered:

"I have heard of ghosts! I never did believe in them, and I won't believe in them now!"

He reloaded his pistol, and again went into the open air. The sound of a wagon arrested his attention, and in a few minutes Captain Hawkelaw drove up to the snake fence, and halloed—"Oscar Bryan!"

The pirate mate's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he was scarcely able to ask—"Who are you?"

"What the deuce ails you, Oscar? You will

live out here in these woods, until your brain turns. Pull down the bars, and let me drive into the enclosure. I want you!"

As the two pirates sat together, one on each side of the blackened chimney, with no light except that given by the pale moon, Captain Hawkelaw said:

"We never spared man, woman nor child—"

"But once!" interposed Bryan.

"But once!" Captain Hawkelaw repeated.

"But once! Dead men tell no tales, yet—hah! what is that?"

There were three taps at the window.

The two pirates looked at each other in silence, until Captain Hawkelaw said, in a whisper:

"Is the place haunted?"

Bryan answered doggedly:

"Live here as I live here, and you will know!"

Captain Hawkelaw leaned across the table, and in a voice a little above a whisper, said:

"The piracy of the Maria is discovered."

Bryan looked up, and after a pause, said sullenly:

"Is it? How?"

"That I do not know! But, Oscar, this I do know! the man who has that secret must—"

Again there were three taps at the window.

"Is there any one there?" said Hawkelaw, in a whisper.

"Go and see."

Captain Hawkelaw looked out at the door, and returned, saying:

"I see nothing but a night-hawk, that is screaming round the hut, and a porcupine that crept round by the barn. Hah! what is that?"

Oscar Bryan replied slowly:

"It is the pale face of the old man of the Maria, with his long, dark gray hair, looking in at the window! Do you believe in ghosts?"

The two pirates sat for some minutes in a silence that was broken by Captain Hawkelaw, who said: "What liquor have you? give me a glass."

"Help yourself," rejoined Oscar Bryan.

"We must not be scared by shadows, Oscar! We have realities to face! I have been recognized by a man in my employment—how, I cannot tell. We must settle him."

"Do it yourself."

"Nonsense, man; we will do it together. One life more is nothing—"

"I will have nothing to do with it," Bryan said sullenly.

"I tell you, man, it must be done. I overheard him appoint to meet the girl—you know who I mean—in the garden to-night. We shall

have time to catch him there, and if we kill him—why, it is only by mistaking him for a thief! Drink and come!”

After a little persuasion, Oscar Bryan got into the wagon with Hawkelaw, who drove rapidly down the hill to Frederickton.

An hour afterwards, there was a scuffle in the garden at the back of Captain Hawkelaw's temporary residence. A pistol shot was fired, an alarm was given, and Oscar Bryan was found dead. The murderer was traced and pursued. And Gilbert Grosvenor, stained with blood, was lodged in Frederickton jail.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DISCLOSURE.

HANDCUFFED and heavily ironed, Gilbert Grosvenor was taken before the Mayor of Frederickton. Captain Hawkelaw gave his evidence clearly. He had been to see his acquaintance, Oscar Bryan, and had on his return discovered Gilbert in the garden. Supposing him to be a thief, Bryan had summoned him to surrender, and then the prisoner immediately shot him and fled. There was no clear defence to be made, and the lawyer who was employed by Gilbert recommended him to reserve what he had to say, for the trial. Gilbert was leaving the mayor's office, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of the sheriff for the County of York, of which Frederickton is the chief city.

“Carpenter!” exclaimed Gilbert, in surprise.

The sheriff, in his turn astonished, exclaimed: “Sir Gilbert Grosvenor!”

“Come with me to a private room, and let my lawyer attend us, and say what should be done.”

After the lapse of half an hour, the sheriff went into the mayor's office and requested that the prisoner might be allowed to make a statement before he was sent to prison. To this reasonable request, the mayor acceded.

“Send for Miss Emma Hawkelaw.”

Emma, pale, trembling and agitated, was allowed a seat while she made her statement. She said that she was in the garden with Gilbert, when her father and Oscar Bryan came suddenly upon them. Bryan presented a pistol at Gilbert, but at the instant, something—Emma could not say what, but something; and if there were ghosts, she should think it the ghost of an old man, with long gray hair, wet and draggled—came between Gilbert and Oscar Bryan, and knocked away the pistol, which exploded and blew Oscar's face to pieces. Oscar Bryan fell forward upon Gilbert, who laid the body on the ground, and endeavored to get away.

“Now, sir,” said the lawyer, “I shall endeavor to show you that there was a motive for the action which Captain Hawkelaw states was unpremeditated. Pray, Miss Emma, what were the prisoner's words, when first introduced by you to your father?”

Emma Hawkelaw hesitated, but her father said: “O, speak out, Emma! It does not affect me.”

Thus encouraged by her father, Emma said:

“His first words, and his only words were: ‘Your father? O, God! it is the pirate captain who plundered the Maria.’”

The lawyer then detailed the particulars of the piracy of the Maria, and every heart in the court thrilled with horror. Captain Hawkelaw, alone remaining unmoved, looked on with a contemptuous smile. The mayor turned towards him, as if to offer him an opportunity for remark.

“An admirable defence, admirably worked up,” he said, sneeringly; and was walking out of court, when he was stopped by the sheriff.

“Stop, sir! Mr. Mayor, I request that this gentleman may be detained, whilst I give my evidence on oath.”

When the sheriff declared that he himself had been the carpenter of the Maria, Captain Hawkelaw turned pale.

“How is it, sir,” said the mayor, “that you who have so frequently seen Captain Hawkelaw in Frederickton, have never recognized him?”

“Perhaps, sir, because I ran below so early in the affray, that I did not see the captain of the pirate, except as he stood upon the gangway.”

Again Captain Hawkelaw smiled contemptuously.

“But, sir,” continued the sheriff, “I have seen the body of Oscar Bryan, and I swear that he was the mate of the piratical schooner. And sir,” continued the sheriff, stepping up to Captain Hawkelaw, and tearing from his pocket a watch and chain, to which a small compass was attached, “I will swear to this pocket compass. On the back of it, is my wife's picture; it was taken from my cabin in the Maria.”

Captain Hawkelaw stood as if spellbound; and the sheriff laying his hand upon the pirate's shoulder, said:

“Sir, you are my prisoner!”

“Not yet,” Captain Hawkelaw replied, calmly; and then suddenly and vehemently presenting a pistol with each hand, cleared a passage through the crowd, and rushed into the street.

The front and principal street of Frederickton passes by the barracks; and along the street, Captain Hawkelaw ran at full speed.

“Fire at him!” exclaimed the mayor to the sentry; “I will be your warrant.”

The sentry fired, and Captain Hawkelew, at a distance of fifty yards, sprang into the air and rolled over on the ground.

He was taken into the mayor's office. A surgeon pronounced the wound mortal.

"Come here, Emma!" he said to the fair girl, who was weeping at his side. "You erroneously suppose that I am your father. I saved you fifteen years ago—the only life I ever spared. You are the only creature I have ever loved. I have nurtured you, and I have long lived for you, and in your love. Destiny has overtaken me. Fate is not to be resisted. My will is made. Live, dear Emma, and enjoy the property I have collected. Come here, young man! take her hand. O, death!"

He joined the hands of Emma and Gilbert, lay back gently, and died easily.

Sir Gilbert and Lady Grosvenor returned to England, and lived long in the old hall that Gilbert loved so much.

ARTICLES OF DIET.

The useful articles of diet are numerous, and the commonest we have. As to the quantity required, the prize-fighter, who requires most, has thirty-six ounces per day, besides the innutritious portion which everybody swallows at every meal. For women, twenty ounces may suffice, though a larger allowance is better. Healthy working men ought to have from twenty-five to thirty ounces. The greatest amount of nourishment of both kinds is contained in flour, meat, potatoes and peas; milk, cheese, rice, and other grains, and sugar; while tea, coffee, and cocoa are of great value in their way.

Such are the materials; but they may be so treated in the cooking as to waste what is most valuable, and to preserve what is of the least consequence. It is possible to manage the making of a stew, so as to wash away the best qualities of the meat, and leave the vegetables hard, and drain away the thickening, causing a predominant taste of smoke and salt. When Miss Nightingale and her assistants undertook to cook in the eastern hospitals, they made a pint of thick arrowroot from one ounce of the powder, while in the general kitchen it took two ounces to make a pint of thin arrowroot.

It was the proper boiling of the water that made the difference here. Again, two ounces of rice were saved on every four puddings, when the nurse made the puddings. Such incidents show that it is not enough to have the best materials for nourishment; they must be husbanded in the preparation. It seems probable that, by sensible conduct all around, everybody might command enough of the best material for food; and it is certain that a very small proportion of the wives of Englishmen know how to do justice to the food they buy.—*Harriet Martineau.*

LOVE.

O, how this spring of Love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day—
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away!—*SHAKESPEARE.*

THE SOLDIER AND THE INDIAN.

A soldier in the American army, belonging to Weston, New York, about the time General Brock was killed in battle, was on a scouting party one day. Being a man of courage, enterprise and sagacity, he was determined, if possible, to obtain an accurate knowledge of the position of the enemy. For this purpose, he ventured to separate from his companions. In the course of his reconnoitering alone in the open fields, he approached a wood, the underbrush of which was very thick. His watchful eye discovered what he supposed to be some animal among the bushes. He immediately saw his mistake. It was an Indian crawling on his hands and feet, with a rifle in his hand, and watching the soldier, evidently with the intention of advancing sufficiently near to make him a sure mark.

For the soldier to retreat was now impossible; he thought he could not escape, and he remembered too, that his father had told him never to return with a *backside* wound. He pretended not to see the Indian, and walked slowly towards him, with his gun cocked by his side, carefully observing all his movements. They approached nearer; at length he saw the Indian bringing his gun to his shoulder—at that instant the soldier fell to the ground—the ball whistled in deadly music over his head. The soldier lay motionless.

The Indian uttered the dreadful yell which signifies the death of an enemy, and drawing the bloody scalping-knife (but foregoing to reload his piece), advanced with hasty strides, thirsting for murder, and anticipating the reward for the scalp. The soldier, motionless, permitted him to approach within ten paces, he then with the utmost composure, sprang upon his feet. The savage stood aghast. The soldier with deliberate aim, put two balls directly through his heart. A hoarse groan was the only sound that issued from the fallen savage. This son of the forest was six feet five inches in height. The soldier took the Indian's rifle, returned to the camp, and sold it for twenty-five dollars.—*N. Y. Herald.*

CURIOUS RECIPE FOR SLEEP.

There is a curious traditionary story current in some families regarding a celebrated Scottish nobleman, which, I am assured, is true, and, further, that it has never yet appeared in print. The story is, therefore, a Scottish reminiscence, and, as such, deserves a place here. The Earl of Lauderdale was so ill as to cause great alarm to his friends and perplexity to his physicians. One distressing symptom was a total absence of sleep, and the medical men declared their opinion, that without sleep being induced he could not recover. His son, a queer, eccentric-looking boy, who was considered a kind of daft, and had little attention paid to his education, was sitting under the table, and cried out, "Sen for that preaching man frae Livingston, for he (the earl) aye sleeps in the kirk." One of the doctors thought this hint worth attending to. The experiment of "getting a minister till him" succeeded, and sleep coming on he recovered. The earl, out of gratitude for this benefit, took more notice of his son, paid attention to his education, and that boy became the Duke of Lauderdale, afterwards so famous or infamous in his country's history.—*Reminiscences in Scottish Life and History.*

[ORIGINAL.]

IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I called her little fairy,
 Embodiment of grace;
 A lovelier thing earth could not boast
 Than her bewitching face.
 She took my heart's stern citadel,
 And stole its love away,
 And bound me captive at her feet,
 In the sweet month of May.

The earth was waking into life,
 And my life woke to bliss;
 I saw her blue eyes in the skies,
 And loved the west wind's kiss:
 Because, I knew, before it reached
 My home far in the South,
 Its wealth of sweets had swept across
 The honey of her mouth!

Ah, foolish love, how mad thou art!
 Enamored eyes, how blind!
 Only for one dear girl I cared—
 Only for one I pined!
 Earth might have held a thousand Hebes,
 Fair as the morning sky,
 And I'd not given their charms a thought,
 If she were only by!

I worshipped her, and dreamed by night
 Of eyes and yellow curls,
 And cheeks like hers so peachy soft,
 And teeth like eastern pearls.
 Humph! I had better dreamt of stocks,
 And lands, and cotton trade:
 Better have toiled and piled up wealth,
 And seen that debts were paid!

For my incarnate angel dropped
 Her filmy wings to rest,
 And laid her beanie head upon
 A richer lover's breast.
 He won her with his golden gifts
 One sunny, golden day;
 And kissed the crimson of her lips
 In the sweet month of May.

[ORIGINAL.]

RACHEL'S CURSE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

A LONG line of blue clouds hung over Plymouth Bay, at the twilight of a sunny September day. In the west, the crimson, orange and purple strove for the mastery. Above, in the dark, blue heavens, one star came forth after another, with a soft, pale gleaming, and, in the east, the young moon rode slowly on, like the lone, solitary vessel that lay below on the sea.

Off, in the dim woods, one could discern the

crimson glow of the maple, just turning from the deep green of summer; while, along the smooth white beach, the brown seaweed dragged its shining folds as each successive wave threw it up from the depths.

Brown and crimson, purple and gold, orange and blue, gave out their beautiful tints, alike unobserved by the three rough-looking men who were walking over the beach towards a low, miserable-looking fish-house, from the chimney of which a cloud of white smoke was struggling upward.

One of them, whom his companions addressed as Jack Burgess, remarked that Rachel was at home; adding "perhaps the old witch will ask us to supper."

"Not she, indeed;" rejoined the one who walked nearest the speaker, "she was never known to offer bit nor sup to any mortal, yet. What can she do with all her money, I wonder?" he added, reflectively. "Poor old thing! she will get murdered one of these nights; for there are people bad enough to rob a woman, I suppose."

"Yes, landsmen, perhaps," said the third. "No sailor would do it."

"You forget the pirates that boarded the *Nauticus* on her last trip. Didn't I see the leader of that crew take off the rings from the dead woman's hands?"

"O, bother, Bill! for heaven's sake, don't talk of pirates when we are going to sail to-morrow. It makes me feel chilly all over."

"You were always a coward, Bob Hopkins," said Jack. "I remember when you saw the ghost in the old burying-ground."

Bob was about to reply, angrily, when a shrill cry issued from the fish-house which they had now reached. It was more like the cry of a wounded animal than that of a human being.

"She is at her work," said Jack Burgess. "She always does this before a storm; and according to the loudness of her shriek, I should judge we shall have a pretty tough one before many days."

As he spoke, they entered the hut. Beside the broad, flat stone that served for a hearth, sat a woman, who once might have been handsome; but in whose face were the lines of deep passion. The long, abundant hair, still black and soft, was wound around her head like a coronet. A close observer might have noticed something almost coquettish in the graceful folds of her black dress; and certainly no one would have associated her idea with that of a witch. She lacked the orthodox gray hair that should have streamed, elf-like, in the wind, the fierce eyes and the masculine stature that distinguish veritable

wiches. Seen in another place, Rachel would have been called only a decent countrywoman in mourning.

The furniture of her room was simple, but perfectly neat and well kept. A chest of drawers displayed some rare sea shells on its top; and some large branches of red and white coral lay on a table at the further end of the room. It was a poor place; but the neatness of the room and the blazing fire, made it look more cheerful than half the fishermen's cottages.

She did not appear to notice the entrance of the three men for some time; although the fact was, that she had seen them from the time they had left Beach Point; but it was not her policy to let them know it. Some words were muttered by her in a low voice, and they stood motionless until she had finished. She turned her eyes upon them at length, and addressed herself to the foremost of the three.

"John Burgess," she said, in a tone at once ironical and severe, "you have done well to ship on board the *Betsey*. You had forgotten, I suppose, that she belongs to a man who made me a widow and childless? But it is well. You have come to me this night to ask if your voyage shall be prosperous. Do you expect that it will be so? God does not hold his thunderbolts in a careless or a weak hand. Terrible and mighty are his punishments; and if he has allowed Thomas Eaton to prosper for awhile, he has his scourges no less in store for him. The old man might have known this when he allowed five husbands and fathers to go out to sea, in a vessel that he knew would never reach port. What did he care? The brig was insured for more than it was worth, and Eaton made money; but do you think the ghosts of those five men never come to him?"

"I have heard of this, Aunt Rachel; but come, forget this now and tell these poor fellows whether they will come back to their families or not. For myself, I am not married, and it does not matter."

"Nay, it is not for you to say that. There is a blue-eyed, waxen-skinned girl on the hill yonder, that will weep and sob when the storm of next Friday comes, and the wreck of the *Betsey* is thrown upon the shore."

"O, no, no! Aunt Rachel! don't say that," eagerly exclaimed the young sailor, while the other two men visibly shuddered. "We shall be out of the harbor by that time, with plenty of sea room and a smacking breeze; sha'n't we? Say?"

"O; indeed, if John Burgess knows more than the one he came to consult, there's an end to it."

And Rachel took her knitting from her bag, and drew nearer the fire, as if thinking any more words quite unnecessary.

The sailors were, however, unsatisfied. She had awakened within them a feeling of restless uneasiness; and they could not turn away without something more consoling than the wholesale destruction at which she had more than hinted.

One of them took a Spanish dollar from his pocket, and said, with enfeebled attempt at jocularity, "Come, Aunt Rachel, see if silver won't give us a better chance than you have predicted?"

"No—prophecy is prophecy, and will not be turned aside for money. There is yet time to alter your purpose. If you would avoid the fate I predict, go not in the ill-fated vessel."

She would not speak again, but settled herself determinedly at a distance from them. Hopkins was the first to propose going; and, as they found that nothing more could be elicited from Rachel, the three sailors left the house.

If they experienced a momentary anxiety in regard to what she had said, it was dissipated shortly, in the minds of all. Hopkins and his brother-in-law, Bill Stevens, were soon in the presence of their wives, and John Burgess was mounting the hill on which dwelt the blue-eyed damsel to whom Rachel had alluded.

There was not a prettier nor a better girl on the Cape, than Priscilla Stedman, the object of his attachment. Meek, gentle and patient, sweet-tempered and industrious, she was at once the comforter and nurse to her infirm parents, and the kind, indulgent helper to her young brothers and sisters. Nothing could be done, suffered or enjoyed, in the Stedman family, without Priscilla. She was the hope and joy, the stay and staff of the household. She had loved John Burgess from a child, even as he had loved her; and after this one voyage, they were to be married.

Once or twice, during their long and earnest conversation that evening, the thought of Rachel's prophecy would rush over him like a flood; but the sweet spell of the young sailor's first love-dream would soon dissipate the terrible consciousness that, after all, Rachel's words might be verified. The maiden's own words again recalled him to a sense of the fear which he had actually experienced while in the old fish-house.

"And so you actually sail to-morrow, John? When will you come back?"

"God knows, Priscilla. I may never see you again. If not, keep this token near your heart until another lover makes you forget me."

Tears were in the mildly reproachful eyes as he said this.

"This is too cruel, John," she faltered out, "and to-night, of all nights, too, when we are parting, it may be, as you say, forever."

But long before the time of parting came, each had forgotten these words in the hopeful love that dwelt in both their hearts. When John left Mr. Stedman's house that night, or rather morning, for already the gray dawn was approaching, he snatched an hour's uneasy sleep, in which Rachel seemed to be holding Priscilla above the billows, and Bob Hawkins was rowing furiously toward the place where he expected to see her dropped.

But the day rose fair and bright. There was but little breeze—hardly enough to warrant sailing; but the brig was slowly going out when the clock struck nine. The hours went by, and still she remained in sight. Afternoon settled down with that lazy, dreamy repose which autumn days sometimes bring; and now the shadows began to lengthen in the pale, soft twilight. On the beach people had gathered, after their early tea, to watch the out-going brig, and on a high rock, the owner, Mr. Eaton, had taken his seat, the most interested, apparently, of all.

"How slow the old craft goes!" he muttered, to himself. "She won't be in warm water these three days, at this rate."

"Slow enough now, Tom Eaton!" said a voice so near him that he started and turned pale. "Slow enough now, but when the storm comes, she will go fast to destruction."

"Who are you, woman?" he asked, "and what do you know about weather? You are not the old fortune-teller down yonder—the witch as they call her—hey?"

"I am the widow of Richard Hollings—the man whom you drew down to death, in the miserable shell which you called a vessel. My curse and the curse of God has been on you ever since, and only waited this night for fulfilment. Do you see that brig?" she said in a loud voice, close to his ear.

"Sorry to say I do, ma'am," he replied, with mock courtesy. "I should be better pleased if she were out of sight."

"She will be wrecked to-night. The storm is coming, and before long, Plymouth Bay will be boiling up foam, and Tom Eaton's brig will lie beneath it. You did not get it insured, I hear. Why not, as well as the other? O, I forgot! That one was old and crazy. This is staunch and trim. We shall see to-morrow."

"Confound the witch!" said Eaton, turning uneasily away. He could have struck her for her words, but there were people by, who would have prevented even the rich ship-owner from laying hands upon a woman. Eaton rose from

his seat and walked down to the beach. He heard some one following him, but it did not suit with his proud sense of importance to look round. It was Rachel Hollings; and when he had obtained a place to stand in the crowd that had gathered on the sands, she was there too, close behind him.

He became grievously annoyed by the questions that were put to Rachel, and the dry, sarcastic way in which she spoke of the brig; but he could not move without actually forcing a passage through the crowd, and he remained in torture. He had begun to fear that he had erred in not obtaining insurance.

While the groups stood watching thus, the wind which had been low, suddenly rose. The waves grew black as night; the gust was succeeded by thunder; and in the fitful glimpses which the lightning gave them of the brig, they saw, what they might have seen before, had they thought it possible that such was the case, that she was being driven toward the shore.

A groan from Eaton betrayed that he saw it, too, and a wild laugh that sounded strangely enough from the sober, grave-looking woman who stood behind him, was evidence that it was not unmarked by her.

"Hush! one would think you exulted in her danger," said a serious-looking man near her, who evidently did not know who she was. Mr. Eaton pressed through the crowd again, as if unable to bear her presence; but in vain did he flee; she was at his shoulder almost instantly.

At the left of the crowd, the land ran out in a point to the sea. It was a dangerous place, as many a wreck could witness; and the Betsey was fast approaching it. Rachel's eyes were fixed steadily upon this point. Her lips moved, and Eaton heard at intervals, a few scorching words that seemed to burn themselves into his soul, for they spoke of retribution for the past.

"Yes," she murmured, "this is the very man who began life by enticing vessels to the shore by hanging out false lights. When his plunder of wrecked ships and dead bodies permitted it, he bought old vessels, and persuaded poor and destitute men to ship on board them. No rate of insurance was too great for him to pay, for he was sure of a return."

She was telling this to the stranger, and Eaton felt that she was pointing at him while she spoke. Hardly had she finished the last sentence, when the lightning again showed the ill-fated vessel, rocking and plunging. She was now near the shore, and a few more lurches would inevitably throw her on the extreme outer barrier of rocks that guarded this point.

In her eagerness to see this, Rachel Hollings leaned heavily over Eaton's shoulder, as he stood on the very edge of the water. With a man's strength and will, he started suddenly aside, and she fell forward. As she fell, she grasped at his coat, and he lost his footing on the wet sand. He struggled to get free, but she held on with a grasp that defied him now, for it was the death grasp. She knew it, too, and at that moment she pored into his ear a terrible malediction, that shook even that hard and selfish being as the wind shakes the lightest reed. A moment more, and she was rescued by the exertions of two brave men; and, after awhile, Eaton was drawn, perfectly insensible, from the waves. Meantime, the brig had struck on the rocks; and the darling wealth which he had so prized, was feeding the devouring sea.

When he awoke from that long swoon, in which he had been so near to death, he seemed broken-hearted. His trust was in riches alone, and they had deserted him. Four poor fellows found their graves in the deep. One of those who escaped was John Burgess. He, too, had been near to death, and he became thoughtful and serious in the contemplation of his danger.

It was his last struggle with the sea. He married Priscilla Stedman and settled down steadily at home. He was ever kind to the widows of his two comrades, and to Rachel while she lived. She gave up fortune-telling, and supported herself by her work. She had tasted revenge, but it brought only bitterness. When Thomas Eaton lay sick, it was she who watched many nights by his bedside. Pity for his sufferings succeeded to her former feelings toward him. For long years, the point where the Betsey was wrecked, was known only by the name of Rachel's Curse; a name over which the repentant woman often wept bitter tears.

NOTHING LOST.

Horse-shoe nails, picked up by the grubbers about the streets, and the scraps of steel from needle factories, are eagerly bought up by the Birmingham gunmakers, as the best of all material for the barrels of muskets and rifles. Steel pen waste is bought back by the Sheffield steel makers at ten pounds per ton; Birmingham brass fillings fetch half the value of new brass; and steel-filings are valuable to chemists and apothecaries. Jewellers' and gold beaters' sweepings are rated at a very high value; the sweepings of the benches and floors are always preserved for sale; the clothing and aprons have a sufficient number of particles of gold in and about them to give them a marketable value; the older they are, of course, the better. A gold-beater can generally obtain a new waistcoat for an old one; and sometimes a very old waistcoat will be bought by a refiner at a great price.

[ORIGINAL.]

A TALE OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

BY ALEX. B. HALL.

"I BEG your pardon!"

"Excuse me, sir!"

Very pretty, you say, but what does it mean? O, angelically-dispositioned peruser of this inestimable periodical, we answer your impatient interrogatory in the words of the mother of Sir William Jones, "Read, and you will know." This sententious aphorism is but one out of the brilliant series of pearls of wisdom to be strung on the thread of our narrative; and if a love of jewelry is among your many resplendent virtues, we counsel you to patronize our establishment, for we have a few more left, of the same sort. We trade cheap, on the principle of the old woman, who, when asked how she could afford to sell all her ribbons "thrippence below cost," answered that she made up her deficit by her extensive sales. Come, then, ye nude of wisdom's charms, come and adorn yourselves.

The scene was Washington Street—the hour, half-past eleven, A. M.—the season, spring. The first speaker was a fashionably-dressed young man, and his interlocutor a beautiful young lady. Their situation was the most embarrassing in the world, for as the gentleman entered 4Vashington Street from School Street, he had been unexpectedly confronted by the fair damsel in question. After a succession of desperate efforts to pass one another, which only resulted in various disagreeable collisions, and mutual attractions and repulsions analogous to the manœuvres of two electrified pith-balls, they had come to a stand still. The blush on the lady's cheek, although deep and rich as the crimson on a sunset cloud, was nearly equalled by the corresponding hue of the gentleman's face. One last despairing movement on his part to pass his lovely antagonist, was unfortunately seconded by a simultaneous endeavor on hers; and perceiving almost irrepressible mirth on the countenance of his companion, who stood a few feet distant to watch the issue of the rencontre, the gentleman raised his hat from his head, and, marching at right angles directly to the curb-stone, gave utterance to the above ejaculation, which elicited its fellow from the rosy lips of mademoiselle. With a bow and a glance from her bright eyes of mingled amusement and vexation, she availed herself of his retreat, and passed on, entering a store a short distance below. Our hero cast his eyes behind him as she went by; and, noticing that she had

dropped her handkerchief, he hastily picked it up, and was on the point of following her to return it, when, observing a name in one corner, he paused, coolly pocketed the delicate mouchoir, and rejoined his companion. The latter received him with mock gravity, while merriment evidently filled his soul to the very brim.

"Bravo," was his salutation. "Ralph, you are in luck to-day; I envy you your *tete-a-tete* with so charming a neighbor. 'Pon honor, now, don't waste your kisses in private on that handkerchief; without doubt, it was a fair prisoner of war, but be magnanimous, and give it to me. It shall be framed in magnificent style, and receive my profoundest adoration."

"I should like to gag you with it, Harry," retorted his irritated friend. "Could not you have had sense enough not to stand grinning like a death's-head, while I was all in a perspiration with frantic efforts to get out of my scrap? You haven't as much heart as a rotten shag-bark, Harry."

"And you have not as much sweetness as a premature crab-apple, Ralph," replied the imperturbable Harry. "O, that partial judge, Fortune, if she had only put me in your shoes!"

"I wish she had," exclaimed Ralph, vehemently. "I should like to know if anything can set your cold blood afire. You are the most phlegmatic—"

"Phew," said Harry, "draw it mild, I left my Webster at home this morning. But are not the sweet divinities so enchanting on close inspection, eh?"

"Confound you," cried his friend, in a towering passion, "it's the third time I've made a fool of myself before her, and she's a splendid girl, by Jove!"

"Aha, an old flame, is she?" chuckled Harry. "What a romantic rendezvous you chose! The raging mildness of a midday moon shed ineffable fragrance on the pellucid glade where Damon and Amaryllis—"

"Don't, don't!" expostulated poor Ralph, in a wild appeal to his pitiless tormentor. "What do you want to eat a fellow up so for, Harry? If you must know where I have seen her, I'll tell you, just to put a stopper in the bung-hole of that barrel of nonsense which you call your head. Day before yesterday I was descending from the gallery of the Music Hall after the concert, and got wedged among a bevy of hours, whose abundant crinoline nearly extinguished me. I was devoting every energy of my nature to the one object of reducing myself to the least possible compass, and was congratulating myself on never having felt quite so small before, when, unfortu-

nately missing a step, I only saved myself from diving headlong into that sea of beauty by involuntarily clapping my hand on the Talma before me. At the same time I was conscious of a mysterious entanglement of my foot, and a simultaneous noise of silk that set all my teeth on edge for an hour afterwards. My fair supporter turned round in wonder and astonishment at my audacity, and gathered up her torn dress in stately reserve, while I stammered out my apologies as well as I could. But the titters that stabbed my ears on every side made me endure agonies untold, until I escaped from the press, and vanished. Well, that was bad enough; but my second rencontre was twice as excruciating. Yesterday afternoon I went out to take tea with a lady friend in Roxbury, and as I was somewhat belated, I hailed an omnibus to save time. The driver rolled his clumsy vehicle near the sidewalk, and I began to ascend the steps; but before I had reached the only seat still vacant, the impudent blackguard whipped up his horses, thereby giving the whole conveyance a sudden lurch to one side. I clutched convulsively at the check-strap above, and, as I found I had lost my balance beyond recovery, endeavored to steer myself into the blessed little harbor I mentioned without involving my neighbors in my own distress. But with a glance quick as lightning I measured the distance between the said seat and my own awkward carcass, and perceived it was impracticable; with a shuddering presentiment I shot a momentary look at the lady towards whom I was helplessly gravitating, and imagine my chagrin at recognising the injured princess of the day before. Of course it was only the infinitesimal fraction of a second that I hovered in mid-air, but during that period mortification ran riot in my luckless breast; the next instant, a fall—a little shriek—a roar of laughter—and I was picking myself up from the lady's lap, and begging pardons enough to relieve all the criminals in Christendom. But my emotions were too much for me; I seized the strap with both hands, and pulled with a vehemence sufficient to wrench the driver's leg out of its socket. The curses distinctly audible from without indicated that such might have been the result; but without waiting to ascertain the truth of the case, I made my exit from the infernal old cart as quickly as possible. And now," exclaimed the poor fellow, with a comical, yet lugubrious expression of face, "I am going out to-morrow to hunt up this lovely incognito, and return her handkerchief; if rencontre number four is not better than the others, I'll go a swimming in a tank of sulphuric acid."

"So I would," returned the sympathising Harry; "I'll fish for your body afterwards, and bait my hook with Celia's handkerchief; dead or alive, you will snap at it. But if you return the dainty article, tie your heart up in it, and label the parcel, 'To the adorable Celia,' for one is as much her property as the other."

"You are an unregenerate pagan, Harry," replied the young man, reddening; "if you had the sensibility of a broiled codfish, you would know that self-respect requires me to exculpate myself in her eyes, and—and—"

"O, I understand," interrupted Harry, taking leave of his companion at the corner of a street, "I appreciate the delicacy of your sentiments. But take my advice, be sure to conciliate mama, and don't forget to send your humble obedient his share of the cake. Adieu, *mon ami*—*vive l'amour*!"

"Confound the scamp," muttered he, half nettled and half pleased at his friend's raillery, "some day I will be even with him. But you might do worse, after all, Ralph Somers; she's a magnificent girl. Pish, when a man begins to be a fool, there is no stopping. I wish I had given back her handkerchief at the time; let me look at it again."

With these words he produced the article in question, and scrutinized it thoroughly; in one corner was written in a delicate female hand, "Isabel Harton." Having satisfied himself that he had read the name accurately, he repeated it to himself several times, and mentally resolved that he would see its beautiful owner again before sunset.

The afternoon, accordingly, found him strolling among the highlands of Roxbury, inquiring for the house of Mr. Harton. Several unsuccessful attempts to discover the nest of his bird-of-Paradise were at last followed by one more agreeable to his wishes; and, more than half distrusting his unusual method of seeking a lady's acquaintance, he approached a large, handsome mansion, situated on a little eminence, and surrounded by tastefully arranged grounds. He was perfectly conscious that etiquette would hold up her hands in horror at the idea of his not being formally introduced; but he reflected that "faint heart never won fair lady," and mentally snapped his fingers in etiquette's face. He rang the bell, and presently a servant appeared.

"Is Miss Harton at home?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; will you step in?" replied the domestic, civilly. "What name shall I say?"

The young man's heart beat like a steam-engine at the thought of his own audacity.

"Be so kind as to take up my card, and say

that Mr. Somers requests to see Miss Harton a few moments."

The servant ushered him into the drawing-room, which was empty, and disappeared. Ralph braced himself for the coming interview. After a short delay, which seemed to him like the interval between the condemnation and execution of a criminal, the door opened, and the beautiful Isabel entered the apartment. Without manifesting any surprise at such an unusual visit, she politely motioned him to a sofa, and seated herself at some distance from him, awaiting the announcement of his errand.

"I must request your indulgence, Miss Harton," said Ralph, with perfect outward self-possession, although inwardly he completely realized the strangeness of his position, "for having taken so great a liberty as to call upon you personally, without ever having had the honor of an introduction. My object is simply to return a handkerchief which I picked up in the street, bearing your name. I might have restored it to you without intruding upon your leisure; but I trust you will pardon the freedom I have ventured to use, in order to apologize more completely for what must have seemed so much like intentional rudeness. By some strange fatality, I have three times caused you great annoyance, although nothing could have been further from my wishes. I beg you to believe that I deeply regret my own awkwardness, and am most sincerely sorry over to have placed you in such embarrassing situations."

"Indeed, Mr. Somers," replied the beautiful girl, with a pleasant and cordial smile on her features, "I beg you never to think of it again; I assure you, you greatly exaggerate the importance of such trifles, which required no apology at all. I am extremely sorry you have taken the trouble to come so far merely to restore a handkerchief, which I was ignorant I had lost until you mentioned the fact."

At the conclusion of his little speech (which we fear was hardly an extempore effort), and during Miss Harton's reply to it, Ralph had been searching his pockets for the lost article; and picture the intensity of his chagrin and mortification as the truth came upon him like an avalanche, that he had left it behind! Isabel instantaneously divined the real state of the case; she saw the blood rush to his face reddening it to the roots of his hair, and as swiftly retreat, leaving it pallid as marble. If she had not perceived the real distress of the young man's mind, the incongruity and absurdity of the whole matter would have overpowered her self-control; but her quick sympathy with all kinds of suffering took away

every inclination to laugh. Ralph at last spoke, with a forced smile upon his countenance, and a voice trembling in spite of himself.

"It may seem, perhaps, a premeditated insult, Miss Harton, when I tell you that the handkerchief I thought I had with me has been left behind by some careless mistake of my own. I have once again made myself ridiculous in your eyes, but I promise you this shall be the last time. Your property shall be sent immediately by express; if I had no other motive than simply to vindicate my own sincerity, I should be concerned to see it restored. If you will only have the same charity for my last misfortune which you have so generously expressed for its predecessors, I will take pains never to need the same indulgence a fifth time."

So saying, he took his hat and rose to go, but Isabel eagerly motioned him to remain.

"Do not feel so keenly about a mere nothing, I entreat you, Mr. Somers," she said, with genuine kindness in her large, glorious eyes; "I shall never forgive myself for having been the innocent cause of so much chagrin, if you persist in viewing this idle matter through a microscope. Pray laugh at the whole with me, for we have both been equally placed in a ridiculous light; and believe me, it is true wisdom not to waste feeling on such undeserving objects as little mistakes and accidents."

The unaffected kindness of her tone and manner went to poor Ralph's heart, and, as we often feel more gratitude for little favors than for great, he felt that her beauty was the least of her charms, for it was only the transparent veil through which shone her true womanly nature in all its loveliness. As he again rose to go, she extended her hand toward him; he took it in his own, and bowing his head, was on the point of imprinting a kiss upon the white, taper fingers, when the door suddenly opened, and Mr. Harton entered. Isabel hastily withdrew her hand, and, coloring deeply, said to her father:

"Let me introduce you to Mr. Somers, papa."

The large, stout gentleman advanced, and offering his hand, said with a penetrating glance in the young man's face:

"I am 'always glad to know my daughter's friends; how do you do, Mr. Somers?"

Ralph stammered out something about the weather, and was evidently in no little confusion, when Isabel came to his rescue, and said with quiet self-possession:

"Mr. Somers found my handkerchief in the street, papa, and was so kind as to come to Roxbury on purpose to restore it. I feel very much obliged to him, indeed, for his politeness."

"Somers, Somers," said Mr. Harton, repeating the name abstractedly (he saw there was embarrassment on both sides, and, having unlimited confidence in his daughter, wished to extricate them from it), "my college chum was named Somers, Richard T. Somers. Perhaps you are a relation of his, sir?"

"That was my father's name, sir," answered Ralph, internally thanking the old gentleman for his tact, "but he died several years ago."

"Then upon my word," said he, warmly, "it is the luckiest chance in the world that brought you here, Mr. Somers. Your father and I were old friends of long standing, and for years and years we corresponded together; but after I went to Calcutta, I suddenly ceased to hear from him, and never knew where he was, or what had become of him. You must stop to-night, sir; I have a hundred questions to ask. I shall depend on seeing you here to tea, and you must come and see us often, very often. I might have known you were Dick's son," he added, looking in the young man's face, "same eyes, same hair, same everything. Well, well, it will be my turn next." And with these words the old gentleman left the room.

The two remained in silence for some time. Ralph at last broke the pause, saying:

"May I consider that I have Miss Harton's permission to call, as well as her father's?"

"I shall always welcome my father's friends," she answered evasively, and a little distantly, adding in a more cordial tone, "I am sure nothing has happened to make your visits other than acceptable. Besides," she continued, a little mischievously, "you may as well bring my handkerchief yourself now, instead of sending it."

Having thus seen our hero fairly launched on the "course of true love," we will hope that it "ran smooth" for the future, and that the little ripples at its commencement were not prophetic of subsequent matrimonial storms. One thing is sure, and that is, that about a year after, the *Daily Tatler* contained the following notice:

"In Boston, May 11, by Rev. Alfred Coupler, D. D., Mr. Ralph Somers, of Boston, to Miss Isabel, daughter of Frederick Harton, Esq., of Roxbury."

It may be interesting to add that Ralph's groomsman on the occasion was Mr. Henry Livingstone; and after the ceremony was over, he was overheard to whisper in the bridegroom's ear:

"I say, Ralph, if you find any more handkerchiefs, send me word, will you?"

THE HEART.

When thou art fain to trace a map of thine own heart,
As undiscovered land set down the largest part.

H. C. TRENCH.

[ORIGINAL.]
SABBATH.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

This is thy blessed day!
My spirit falters in its prayer,
As from the past no sacred ray—
No holy thought returns from there.

With hateful sins oppressed,
My weary heart sinks down:
Unworthy of thy holy rest,
Unfit to seek thy promised crown!

Yet, wouldst thy mercy bring
Unto my struggling fears
Some ray of hope, on angel-wing,
To cleanse the stain of former years—

Then, penitent, my heart would cling
In faith to Jesus' feet;
Rejoicing in each sacred thing,
And for thy presence meet.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MURDER AT THE INN.
A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY WILLIAM S. MACDONALD.

It was, perhaps, two hundred years ago, that a wayside inn was situated upon a lonely road in one of the Channel counties of England, almost within sound of the sea. It was frequented chiefly by the meaner population of the neighborhood—fishermen and smugglers from the coast, and drovers and graziers from the inland country of the vicinity; with occasionally one of a better class—sometimes a tourist who had wandered from the beaten roads, in search of the picturesque, or, more frequently, a belated traveller, j tarrying at the "White Hart" during the night, from the necessity of the case.

Upon the particular evening on which the tragic event which gives name to this story occurred, the tap-room of the inn was thronged with the motley crowd which usually assembled there at this hour. One—and the only one of those present to whom we need to allude—was sitting moodily by the fire, with his hat drawn low over his eyes. Through the evening, he had refused to join in the rough conviviality of those around him; and it was only upon the interruption caused by the entrance of a new-comer, that he raised his eyes. But before turning our attention to the latter, it may be well to glance briefly at the person thus introduced.

Richard Tyrrell—for such was his name—was one whose vices had hurried him from affluence and respectability to a low level of poverty and

degradation. Hardly ten years before, he had inherited, at the decease of his parents, an ample fortune and an enviable position in the society of the metropolis. The former had been dissipated by an unbounded indulgence of every vicious propensity of his mind; the latter lost by a disgraceful expulsion from the university, and the subsequent adoption of the wild and evil life of a coast-smuggler. Thus it happened that he appeared, on this night, desperate in heart as in exterior, and brooding, evidently, in moody silence, on the unhappy vicissitudes of his career.

The person whose entrance caused Richard Tyrrell to look up, was a traveller of manly and honest appearance, who bore a heavy satchel upon his arm. Pansing suddenly before Tyrrell, he gazed doubtfully and inquiringly into his face. The latter half shrunk from the searching glance of the stranger; and moving a few steps away, the latter immediately returned, and grasping the smuggler by the hand, he exclaimed, heartily:

"Surely I am not mistaken here! Tyrrell, Dick Tyrrell, don't you know me?"

"I should know you," was the unwilling and half surly reply. "But what, Mervyn Clifford, do you wish with me? I am not, I assure you, so far degraded as to bear patiently the jibes and jeers of those who knew me in better days!"

"Nor do I wish to reproach you, Richard; you should know me better," was the instant response. "Come apart with me, for an hour; I will try to convince you that I have not quite forgotten our old Oxford friendship."

Ordering a private room, a fire, and a bottle of wine, Mervyn Clifford conducted his still unwilling acquaintance away. They remained closeted together for a full hour. The subject of their conversation never transpired, although its purport may perhaps be gathered from a remark of Clifford to his companion, as they re-entered the tap-room together.

"If money can aid you, Richard," he said, "you shall be no longer an outcast and despised; and here I have the means by which I think I can accomplish the end."

Suiting the action to the word, he struck his hand upon the valise which he still carried, causing a dull sound, as though of coin or metal. The incident was witnessed by a dozen persons who remained in the room. Shortly after, the traveller retired for the night; and still later, Richard Tyrrell declared his intention of passing the night at the inn (a very unusual proceeding on his part), and was accordingly shown to a room.

In the silence of the hours which succeeded—at the hour of midnight, in fact—the whole

household of the inn was startled from sleep by a most terrible and deathly shriek, proceeding, apparently, from the room occupied by Mervyn Clifford. Hardly a moment was needed to bring the innkeeper and his servants, with arms and lights, to the spot; and here a bloody and thrilling scene was presented to their astonished senses. The door of the chamber was flung wide open; and as they entered, they discovered the bleeding body of Mervyn Clifford, still quivering in its death-throes upon the floor, habited in night-clothes, and apparently just dragged from the disordered bed. The only window of the room was open, and upon the floor beside the body was the valise, open; and its contents, gold, silver and bills, in profusion, scattered about the room. But that upon which the eyes of the innkeeper and his men rested with the most horrified amazement, was the figure of a man, holding a bloody knife in his hand, and kneeling over the prostrate body! Alarmed by the noise of their entrance, he started to his feet, and gazing around him in terrified confusion, with an exclamation of alarm, he turned to flee. Both door and window, however, were promptly barred against his egress, and in an instant he was seized, the knife wrested from him, and himself securely detained by the arms of those who surrounded him.

"Stand off—release me!" he cried, struggling in their grasp. "For heaven's sake, speak! is it possible that you mean to charge me with this murder? I declare, most solemnly, that I came here for the same purpose as yourselves, aroused by that fearful shriek. See—he opens his eyes; he is about to speak! For heaven's sake, hear him; his words will acquit me!"

The dying man, in truth, had just then closed his eyes. Whispering faintly the words—"I am dying! he has killed me!" he relapsed into a state of seeming unconsciousness.

"Speak, sir! who do you mean by he? who has killed you?" the innkeeper exclaimed, bending over him. Once more Mervyn Clifford opened his glazing eyes, and pointing with stiffened finger towards the horror-stricken prisoner, he uttered huskily, and in the last words he ever spoke:

"He—Richard Tyrrell—he has killed me!"

With a groan of inward agony, the unhappy prisoner covered his face with his hands, and suffered himself to be led passively from the room. From the inn, early as was the hour, he was taken directly before a magistrate, who committed him immediately to the jail of the county.

These were the simple facts connected with the murder, as they transpired at the inn, upon the

night of its commission, and amid the confusion and terror attending its discovery. But dark and damning as they then appeared, when the solemnity and searching certainty of a legal investigation were applied, the prisoner was hopelessly environed by the perfect chain of testimony which was adduced against him, pointing as with the finger of doom towards him, as the murderer of Mervyn Clifford! From the very moment of his meeting with the latter, upon that fatal evening, every circumstance which had happened was construed with fearful weight against him. The fact of his knowledge of the possession of money by Clifford, as it appeared most conclusively from the testimony of the loungers in the tap-room; his unusual proceeding in taking a room, that night, at the White Hart; his inquiry of the servant who lighted him to it (which appeared in evidence) as to the chamber occupied by Clifford; the fact that his bed was found undisturbed, and none of his clothes removed from his person; these significant facts, followed in regular succession by the overwhelming testimony of the chamber of the murder; and last, and strongest of all, the declaration of the murdered man, made in the very shadow and knowledge of approaching death, than which better evidence could scarcely exist—all conspired to surround the wretched prisoner with a barrier of circumstances, from which escape seemed impossible.

And so it was. The accused had plead "not guilty;" but when called upon for his defence, he could only wildly protest his innocence. And although the ablest advocates present, out of pity for his condition, volunteered to, and certainly did defend him, and to the best of their ability, still, hardly a fact or circumstance favorable to the prisoner was brought to light. The charge of the judge was, in effect, an instruction to the jury to return a verdict of guilty, which they did immediately, and without leaving their seats.

Upon being called on to answer as to why he should not be sentenced to death, Tyrrell again, and in the most solemn and earnest manner, protested his entire innocence of the death of Mervyn Clifford, assigning again, as a reason for his presence by his body, that he had been called there by the death-cry, and had but just drawn the knife from the wound where the murderer had plunged it, when his captors entered. The impression, however, produced by this avowal, may be gathered from a remark of the judge, who, in passing sentence of death, used the following extraordinary language: "Richard Tyrrell, either you or I committed this murder!"

Tyrrell was forthwith remanded to his cell, to await the day of execution. And it was while

here that he made a strange and startling confession. It was to this effect: that he was the murderer of Mervyn Clifford—not, indeed, in fact, but in *intention*, and at *heart*; that he had stayed at the inn, upon the night of the murder, waited in his room until all the household had retired, and approached and entered the chamber of his friend, solely for the purpose of murdering him, to obtain the contents of his satchel; and that he was only prevented from accomplishing his object, because forestalled by the death-blow of an unknown assassin, who fled through the window upon his approach, leaving him in the position in which he was found by the innkeeper!

It is almost needless to say that this confession was looked upon as declaring what was absurd and impossible; and by its very desperation, it seemed to confirm the guilt of the condemned. Public indignation was excited against him, to the highest degree of exasperation; no reprieve, whatever, was allowed him; and upon the adjudged day, Richard Tyrrell was executed for the crime of which he had been found guilty, in the presence of thousands who flocked to witness the lamentable spectacle—protesting, with his latest breath, that the confession which he had made since his trial, was true, in every particular!

Such is the story. And now, after a narrative so conclusive and certain in guilt as this (which we cannot wonder should have acted with absolute conviction upon the minds of his judges), it remains to be told that Richard Tyrrell uttered nothing but the truth in his dying confession, and that he died, innocent of the blood of the murdered man, save, as he had declared, in intention!

The sequel, disclosing these strange and extraordinary facts, may be told in a few words. Fifty years, a full half century, after the execution of Tyrrell, and when the recollection of his imputed crime had almost died with those who had flourished in the prime of manhood at the time of its commission, an old and feeble man lay dying at the White Hart. He seemed to be in little bodily anguish, his dissolution proceeding rather from extreme age, and the slow decay of vitality, than from any sudden suspension of the functions of nature. And yet he seemed laboring under the most distressing mental pain; the unintelligible words, which he muttered from time to time, showed his mind to be fixed upon some one event of his past life, and as he writhed and tossed about upon his bed, fearful groans burst continually from his lips.

"Send for a priest—a clergyman!" he at length exclaimed; and at intervals he continued to use the same imploring words, notwithstanding the assurances of those around him, that they

had done so, until the curate of the parish entered his room and sat down by his bed.

"Don't speak, sir, if you please!" the dying man eagerly exclaimed. "I have little to say; but that I wish to say at once, and ease my mind of its load. It is a secret which I alone have concealed within my breast, these fifty years; God forbid that I should die with it, leaving it forever unspoken! My name is Wat. Hurdle. I have lived long, sir, and committed many fearful crimes; but the one of which I would now speak, is the blackest, the most terrible and treacherous of all. You may have heard of Mervyn Clifford—a gentleman who lived some miles north of here?"

"What! the same who was murdered in this inn many years ago?" the clergyman asked.

"Yes, sir; the very same. I was his servant for a while, before he died, and sometimes travelled with him from one part of the country to another. He often carried large sums of money with him; and more than once, I contrived to steal a part of his treasure. But it was not long before I was discovered, and dismissed in disgrace. I wandered away to one of the northern cities, where I quickly lost all that I had, in idleness and vice. Then I grew desperate; the want of money drove me to that which I would not otherwise have dared to do. I knew that Mr. Clifford was to be at the White Hart inn, upon a certain evening, with a large amount of money; and I resolved to go there and try to obtain it.

"Upon this evening, then, I arrived at the inn. The country was solitary and lonely, and no one noticed my approach. I waited, behind the hedge, in the wet and cold, until all the lights were out; and then, sallying out, I prepared to carry out my undertaking. The guest-chamber, as I knew, was upon the first floor; the window was low, unfurnished, and easily reached and opened; and in a few moments I had reached the casing, and clambered within the room. I could hear the deep breathing of the sleeper, close at hand; and noiselessly, for I had removed my shoes before entering, I crept around the room, searching for the value. This I soon found, upon a chair by the bedside; I knew, by its great weight, that the money was in it; and exulting at my success, I commenced to make good my retreat.

"But, as fate would have it, I stumbled, in the darkness of the room, over a footstool, and fell at full length, the bag clattering heavily as I came down. Mr. Clifford instantly started up in bed, and demanded to know who was there. I had hardly risen again to my feet, when he sprang from the bed and seized me. There was

not a word uttered by either of us; the struggle was short and deadly. He was a much stronger man than I, and I quickly found myself growing weak in his grasp. Thoughts of the consequences of being taken filled me with desperation; and drawing a knife which I had concealed, I plunged it into his breast. He gave one shriek, and fell, covered with blood, senseless and dying! While I was hurriedly scraping together the money, which had been emptied from the valise, and scattered over the floor, in our struggle, a faint light shone in the room, and starting up in alarm, I discovered a man standing behind me, carrying a dark lantern. I waited to see no more; but rushing to the window, I sprang out and hastened across the fields. Not a person had seen me or known of my presence, save the dead man and him who had interrupted me; and never, as I believe, until this day, has my presence at the White Hart, upon that fatal night, been suspected."

"And you, wretched man," the horrified curate exclaimed, "knew of the trial and execution of Richard Tyrrell for this crime, of which you confess yourself to have been guilty?"

"Ay, I knew it; and therefore my lips were sealed the closer! His death was the price of my life; and he died, when I might have saved him by speaking: these words which I have spoken to you. And, before God, I wish that I had uttered them, and so saved him; better, far better for me, would a few moments of torture and shame upon the gibbet have been, than fifty long years of biting remorse, filled with agony, and haunted by the memory of this double murder!"

The strength of the dying penitent hardly carried him to the conclusion of his story. He expired soon after he had spoken the last words—more miserable in his end, it may be well believed, than Richard Tyrrell, his unhappy victim.

One explanation remains to be made, and we have done. It may, perhaps, appear strange that Mervyn Clifford should, with his last words, indicate Tyrrell as his assassin; but this, upon a little reflection, can be easily explained. The darkness of the room prevented Clifford from discovering by whom the fatal blow was struck; and in the few moments of consciousness which supervened before death, the sight of his former servant struggling with these who had arrested him, with bloody hands, and pale and trembling with apprehension, naturally suggested to his mind, weakened as it was with approaching death, that his murderer stood before him. This, at least, is a reasonable hypothesis upon which to account for one of the strangest occurrences connected with THE MURDER AT THE INN.

[ORIGINAL.]

MARY HAYWOOD'S BEAUX.

BY MATTHEW S. VINTON.

PART FIRST.

WHAT a pretty face was that of Mary Haywood! And how, more than ever pretty was it on the morning of which I write, as it leaned from the window and the mellow, September sunlight slanted its golden waves across it, till its frame of brown hair seemed thick with jewels, and the white forehead, touched as with a halo!

But it was no angel's face that it should be so circled about with light. The dainty curve of the red lips, the glimmer of pearly teeth between them, the dimples that the merry, happy smiles tracked over cheek and chin, and even the eyes, beautiful, brown and clear, testified, as plainly as they could, each and all, that the spirit which gave the glow, warmth and color to this living picture was very human. Alas, so very human!

But Mary Haywood, human though she was, at heart was true, kind and trusty; and though at times, in the light of her own beauty, she went a little way from the right path, the better voice of reason and conscience within, always won her back again. Perhaps her mother thought of this as she came into the room, and watched the pretty face, peering anxiously out of the window; because, for a moment, she looked smilingly upon her, with a true gleam of motherly pride in her eyes and about her mouth. But Mrs. Haywood's temper wasn't of the most placid cast, in the world; and, very evidently, at that moment, a most aggravating thought stirred up a little war within her, for she looked exceedingly vexed, and the smile went from her face.

"I should like to know, Mary!" was the way she commenced, "I should like to know, what you are watching at that window for? and what, under the sun, you have got your hair curled up for, in that shape? I would really like to know!"

Now, Mary, the pleasant, happy little girl that she was, just smiled at this, and gave her curls a toss backward, and pursed up her little red mouth in a very pretty coaxing way.

"O, you needn't make up your coaxing mouths at me, Mary, you needn't; I understand it all like a book! I know who you are on the lookout for, the little soft-handed, simpering-faced dolt!" Mrs. Haywood said, working herself into a real passion.

"But, mother, you never saw him, you are not half fair about it—"

"No, nor I never want to, that's a fact! If you have a mind to let your head get turned in

this shape, I'll have nothing to do with it. But let me tell you this, Mary, if you give up John Lathrop for this city fop, you'll see the day that you'll repent of it. You will—*mark my words!*”

Mrs. Haywood grew very emphatic as she spoke. She was in earnest, that was evident, for when she turned away her eyes were filled with tears, and there was a flush of indignation upon her comely face for a whole hour afterwards, as she busied herself about her household affairs. And Mary, too, was somewhat disturbed, yet she did not leave her place by the window, but continued watching there; looking down the green lane to the road, and over the road until it lost itself in the distance.

But she saw some one at last. Or, she saw the dust rise up like a cloud, and then come nearer and nearer along the old road, until, after awhile, the quick cantering of horses' hoofs were close by the lane; and looking, again, out of the window—very shyly, of course—she saw her delicate city lover, Mr. Henry Rainsforth, fastening his horses at the old wooden post. Ah, how her eyes danced, then, and how her little dimpled hands grew busy in a moment, brushing back the clustering curls, adjusting the little linen collar, tying the brown riding hat, and smoothing down the folds of the faultless, sweeping skirt. And how bright her eyes were, as she danced out of the door and down the lane, holding back with her gloved hands, her long flowing habit!

She did not allow Mr. Rainsforth to enter the house. When he came for her she had a sly, pretty way of running to meet him, and of getting him away from her father's premises as hastily as possible. So it is not to be wondered at, that when Mrs. Haywood went into the sitting-room, a few moments after, to speak to her, she was not to be seen, at the window, down the lane, only away off where the cloud of dust was rolling along the road.

Mrs. Haywood sighed, and went about her work again. Never before had any of Mary's love-affairs so troubled her; but now it seemed, indeed, to her, that her poor child's head was in danger of being turned; that for the love of a few smoothly spoken compliments, and a few prettily worded declarations, she would turn, forever, from a heart that was as true and trusty as the faithful sun, itself, that arose every morning in the east. Thinking this over and over again did not reconcile it to the mind of good Mrs. Haywood. Unlike many mothers, she cared more that the arm that should protect and the heart that should shield her child, should be true and strong, than that her home should be a grand and costly one, and that the lines of her life

should drop among the luxurious ways of wealth.

While she worked in the kitchen, a step was heard at the back-door, and before she could glance out of the window, to learn who was coming, John Lathrop entered the room.

“Good morning, John!” she said, in her pleasantest tone. “A fine morning.”

“Yes, very fine,” John answered in a husky, unnatural voice. “Is Mary at home?”

“No, John, she's away, and I am sorry enough for it. You wished to see her? if you have any word for her, I guess I can manage to remember it.”

“Thank you, but I think I will come again.”

His eyes were on the floor (the pleasant, honest blue eyes, that had always been so full of light and life), and he looked so sad and disheartened, that Mrs. Haywood could hardly keep back the tears.

“It will be all right, I am sure, John,” she said, thinking to comfort him.

“O, yes, all right, any way, I suppose,” he answered, a little bitterly. “You are very kind, Mrs. Haywood. I will call again this evening.”

And so John went away, and Mrs. Haywood, thinking about him, and the cruel way in which he was treated, put aside her work, and going into her little bed-room, luxuriated in a “good cry,” a womanly antidote for an overcharged heart! And Mrs. Haywood was relieved.

PART SECOND.

Mary Haywood sat in her little chamber weeping, though, for her life's sake she could not tell just what troubled her. It was the evening after her ride with Henry Rainsforth, a clear, bright evening, with the mellow September moon riding high in the heavens, its brightness undimmed by the first touch of a cloud.

Perhaps the child was thinking of the morning, and of the strange, polished words that Henry Rainsforth had spoken to her. Thinking of the fine home, in the city, that he had asked her to share with him—of her beauty which he had told her was fit to adorn a palace. And, then again, she might have been thinking of John Lathrop, of his little brown house on the hill, the broad fields of grain waving in front of it, and the green orchard running along at the back. She knew every tree in that orchard, every nook in and about the old house. Her lips moved, and she whispered softly, so very softly, as if afraid the evening air would turn traitor and carry her thoughts where she did not wish them to go—“John—John!”

Just at that moment, her mother called from the foot of the stairs, saying that some one was

waiting in the sitting-room to see her, and that she must come down. Who could it be? Perhaps Henry had come to speak to her father. Maybe, it was John, but she hoped not, she could not bear to see, or speak with him.

After bathing her face and brushing back her curls, she went down to the sitting-room. As she had feared, John was there. When she went into the room he was talking with her mother, but her presence seemed a signal for their conversation to cease, for after she bowed and faintly said "good evening," her mother turned away and left them alone together. Left them alone just as she had done a hundred times before—not in a laughing, teasing way, but with a severe, settled look in her eyes and about her mouth. They sat for several moments without speaking, and the silence to Mary was oppressive and painful. But at last, John said, in a sad, altered way, rising and going towards her:

"You can't want us both, Mary, I am sure. Will you choose between us, now?"

She had not expected this. It came so very suddenly upon her, that the color went away from her face, leaving her as white as though she had been dead. She could not speak, even. Her lips moved, but not a sound came from them. All the while John stood watching her. If it had been any one in the world besides him, her speech would not have turned traitor to her.

"Will you tell me, now?" he asked, again, seeing that she did not speak.

The color came back to her face at this. Why was he so anxious to press the question upon her? She would ask him. So she said, half-shading her face with her hand:

"Why do you ask that?"

"Why?" he repeated, his eyes kindling. "Who has a better right to ask it? Am I a dolt, indeed, Mary, because I am of country birth?"

Ah, John, John! Your quick, hasty speech has done the work for you. There will be no more hesitation, no lack of words, now! The crimson heart of the crimsonest rose was never richer in color than are the cheeks of Mary!

"No one, I do not question your right. You are free to go, when you choose!"

"Well—I will go!"

And he went. All the time that he was going Mary prayed that he might come back again. But no. He did not raise his eyes to her face as he turned away. His step was firm and steady as he crossed the room, and firm and steady down the lane, and into the road, until she could hear it no longer. Then, foolish child, how her heart grew still within her, as if the whole of its life had gone out after him! And how like a

guilty thing, she crept softly up stairs, to weep the whole night away!

PART THIRD.

Bright and cheery as the next morning was, to Mary it seemed the darkest that had ever dawned upon the earth.

"How pale you are, child, are you sick?" was the first exclamation of Mrs. Haywood, as she entered the kitchen.

"No not sick, I am very well. I came down to help you about breakfast. What shall I do?"

"Do? Why nothing with that moping look on your face. You'd better go out a little way and get a taste of the fresh air. You're as white as a ghost."

"Where shall I go?"

"Well, if that isn't a funny question for a girl like you! Why, where's the road, child?"

Mary did not answer, but moved slowly away to get her hat and shawl; while her mother wished secretly, that Henry Rainsforth had been at the bottom of the Red Sea for all of coming to Cranston with his pretty, insipid face. Perhaps she would have been in a more amiable state of mind could she have known where Mary's thoughts were that morning.

"Which way should she go? up or down the road?" Mary wondered, as she stood at the foot of the lane.

She hesitated a moment, and only a moment. Looking once towards the hill, where John's house stood, decided her, and she turned in an opposite direction. As she went along, revolving in her mind the incidents of the last twenty-four hours, she noticed a half-folded letter lying in the grass by the roadside. Stooping to pick it up she caught a glimpse of the penmanship which seemed strangely familiar to her. She knew, at once, that it was none other than that of Henry Rainsforth. Wondering, at his carelessness, she folded the letter and was about placing it in her pocket, when she caught sight of her own name, half-way down the sheet. That was enough to do away with all caution. Curiosity must be satisfied. So she read the letter. Ah, what a strange letter it was, too! and what strange things were there for a lover to say of his sweetheart!

Standing there in the road, Mary read it again and again; read it till her eyes seemed bursting from her head, and her lips were white with mortified pride and anger.

"He was having a sweet flirtation," so Harry Rainsforth wrote to his city friend, "with a little country beauty. She was as fresh and bright as a June rose, without a city way or air to spoil her. And better than all, she was strictly devoted."

ed to him; had turned the cold shoulder to every one of her country beaux. She believed every thing he said to her—that some day she would be mistress of his city home and city fortune. Ha, ha! *that* was rich indeed! But he had a plan—would his friend like to hear it? This was the way it run—

Ah, how the soul of the woman revolted at the words which followed! How she loathed and spurned the poor wretch who had so insulted her! But where and what next? Should she go home to her mother and lay the letter before her? No, she did not think that the wisest way. Should she go to her father—her sober, steady, practical, slow-thoughted father? No, that would be of but very little use. There was but one to go to, and that one was John—abused, wronged John. But she went to him. He was out in the orchard, his mother said, when she inquired for him at the house. So to the orchard she went, and there she found him. When he saw her, a strange look of wonder and surprise came over his features. But for her ghastly face, he would have turned away from her.

"What—what is it?" he asked, as she placed the letter in his hands.

But without speaking, she motioned him to read, and then sank down upon the green turf, and covered her face with her hands. When she looked up his features were convulsed and burning with rage.

"Stay here," he said, taking her by the arm. "Stay until I come back. No, you cannot go."

With the letter in his hand, he leaped over the orchard fence, and strode hastily across the field, in the direction of Esq. Fuller's house, where Henry Rainsforth was a guest. It seemed to Mary that he was not away three minutes, before she saw him coming back again, holding the unfortunate city wight by the collar, in a manner which the latter gentleman might have complained of on account of its familiarity. When he came to the orchard wall, he leaped over with him with as much ease as a cat would have made the same distance with some paltry game in her mouth.

"You see that lady, Mr. Rainsforth?" John began, dragging him up to Mary.

"Yes, y-e-e-s, sir."

"And you see that letter?"

"Yes—yes, sir."

"Did you write that letter?"

"No—that is—I—you see—"

"Did you write it?" thundered John.

"Yes. That is, I didn't mean it."

"Yes you *did* write it, and to pay you for it, I am going to break every bone in your contemp-

tible body. Down on your knees, quick, before Miss Haywood, and beg her forgiveness!"

He went down upon his knees, whether willingly or not, John Lathrop will have to say. But this much I know, that he sued as humbly for pardon, as ever did a condemned criminal, or an errant school-boy. But Mary did not answer him; instead, she turned away with an expression of intense loathing upon her face.

"Can I go now?" he asked, as he arose to his feet, turning a pitiful look upon John.

"Yes, you can go! By go, I mean that you may leave Cranston, just as quick as your puny feet can carry you, and if I catch sight of your face once, mind, *once more* here, I'll show you little mercy."

Depend upon it, reader, that grass didn't grow under Henry Rainsforth's feet as he made his way to the depot. After he went, John turned away without a word. But Mary followed him, saying between her tears, as she laid her hand on his arm: "I do not know how to thank you for your kindness, John. Depend upon it, I will never forget it of you. I do not ask you to forgive me, I know that that is impossible."

It was her turn now to go away from him. As she started, he caught her firmly by the arm.

"Not so, Mary," he said in a slightly tremulous voice. "If you have the first thought of love and kindness for me, if you care for me, stay!"

Well, yes—Mary stayed, most inquisitive reader. In fact, she stayed until the whole neighborhood was searched for her, and her mother was nearly wild with fright. Whether she ever went home again, I cannot say, but I can testify to this truth, if you wish it, that now she is at the home of John Lathrop, and that people have a strange way of prefixing a Mrs. to her name.

THE DYING BED

Blest be the taper which hath power to shed
Light on the features of that angel face;
Blest be the sadness of this solemn place;
Blest be the circle round that parting bed,
Whence many days all earthly hope hath fled;
And the spirit which hath well nigh reached by grace
The rest of toil, the guerdon of its race,
Faint, but with hidden mamma gently fed.
Oft have ye tended with unwearyed care
This couch of hers in anxious term of birth;
Your need of love, her mother joys to share;
Now hers the joy, and ye are left to mourn;
For all your care can never keep on earth
The glorious child that shall to-night be born.

ALFORD.

REMEMBER.—Any persons already subscribers to *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, can receive our brilliant new mammoth weekly journal, *The Welcome Guest*, for a year, by enclosing us one dollar and a half, and mentioning in the letter that they are on the subscription list of the Magazine.